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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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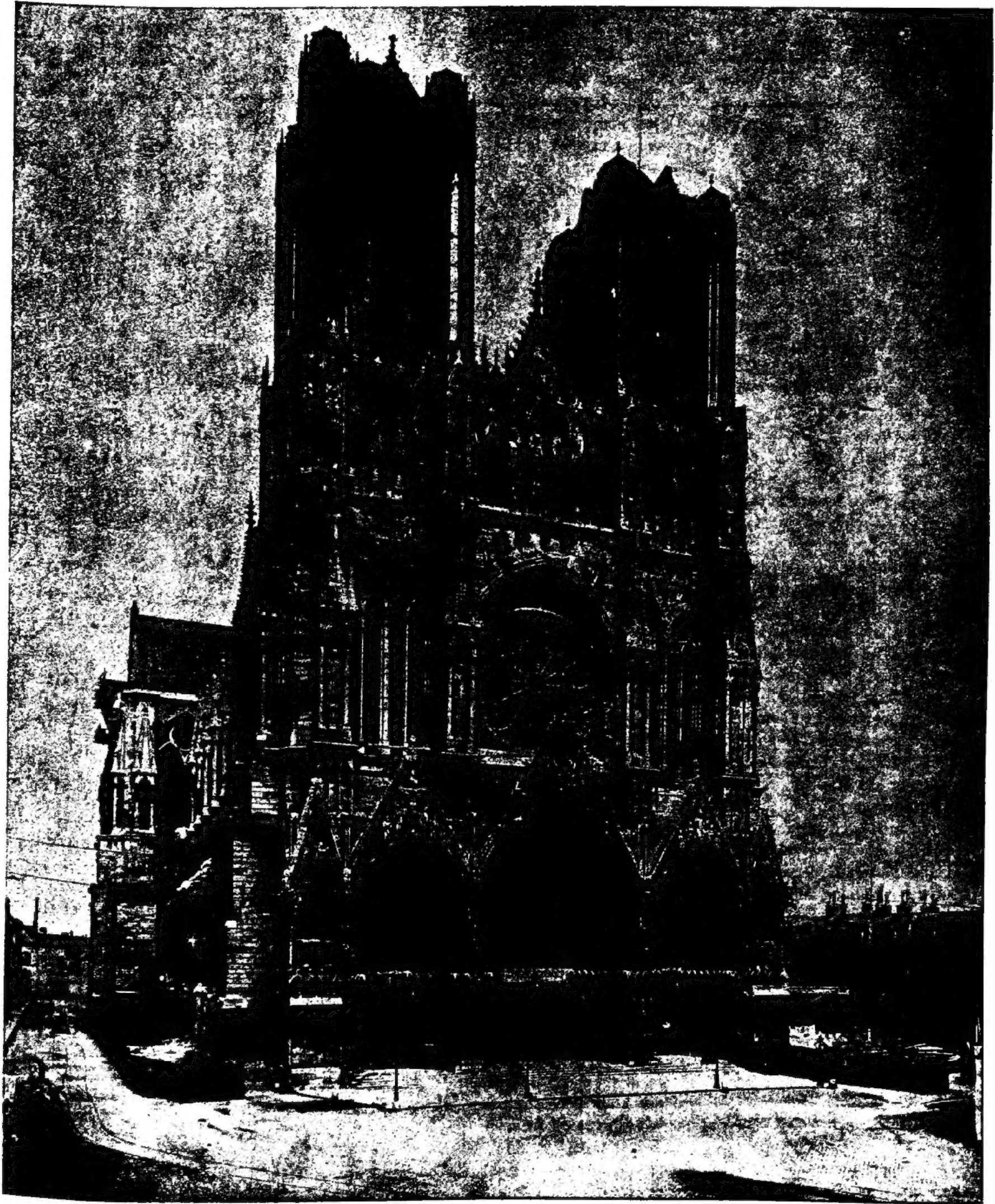
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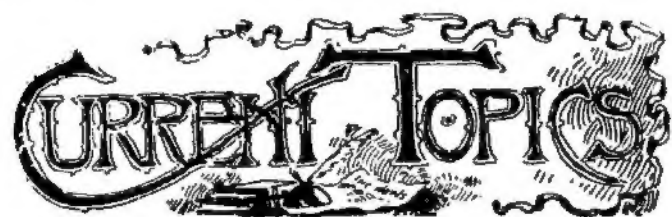
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25th JULY, 1891.



Permanent Versus Temporary Clerks.

It is questionable if the clause in the Civil Service Act, prohibiting any payment to permanent clerks for overtime, is a wise one. It is quite possible that departmental working hours are too short; nine to five are limits within reason, and are exceeded by most business men without appalling consequences. But if the law fixes a lesser degree of labour for government employees, and at the same time allows a large number of supernumeraries and temporary clerks to perform the extra work occasionally demanded by public exigencies, and allows them extra remuneration for the same, it is a debateable point whether the nation would not be better served by the extra duties and consequent pay being given to those permanent clerks who showed greatest proficiency and zeal in their ordinary work, and who were desirous of such additional employment. It is improbable that all necessary special work could be performed in this way; but undoubtedly a large portion of it could; it would be a reward for merit, and, as something tangible to strive for, would form a permanent incentive to good work. Every supernumerary or temporary clerk is more or less of a hindrance to good departmental government; in ordinary business the employment of such is of very rare occurrence, and only resorted to when it is physically impossible for the regular staff to do the necessary work within the limits of early morning and late night. A man who, Micawber-like, waits around for something to turn up, is in many cases a nuisance to the party from whom he wants work, while the inevitable uncertainty of his position, cannot but have an unhealthy effect on his character and habits. Extra employment and extra pay offered to the most deserving of the permanent clerks, would, we think, afford a certain measure of reward to honest endeavour, and prove a stimulus to the whole service.

Street Tramways.

The result of the first year's experience of the electric tramway so recently commenced in Ottawa will be anxiously awaited by the citizens of Montreal, and its success devoutly hoped for by that long suffering and patient community. The climatic conditions of the two cities are so similar in every season that the triumph of the road in the Capital over difficulties occasioned by extremes of

heat and cold, and heavy snowfall, means that similar obstacles will not prevent its adoption in this city, while the much greater population of the latter would denote a proportionately increased revenue and a smaller percentage of working expenses. Montreal, with its elongated suburbs stretching out like tongues in every direction, with the necessity of surmounting the by no means inconsiderable slope on which it is built, and with the great army of toilers pouring out, exhausted, from its many factories at the close of each day, has special need of cheap and speedy means of local transit for its citizens; and in view of the wretched street car service they suffer from, any measure of improvement will be eagerly welcomed. An electric line or series of lines running from one central point to each suburb would be a great boon, if only from the rivalry between it and the old road, resulting in a vast improvement in the latter—room for which exists in almost every particular. It is only playing with the question when the street service of a city like Montreal ends at half-past ten at night—when during the evening there is a delay of about fifteen minutes between each car—and when at the hours business houses and factories close for the day that the extra cars put on be totally insufficient to accommodate promptly, and comfortably, the crowds who want to use them. Overcrowding and close packing are not only permitted, but encouraged—all to get the people's money without incurring the expense of sufficient cars; while the officials—due probably to the poor wages they receive—are of less courteous class to those employed by Toronto and other large cities. An electric tramway with a fast service, and with plenty of cars running until midnight, would probably capture the vast majority of the trade that is now at the mercy of the Street Railway; it would aid greatly in the development and building up of our suburbs, and would enable many of the poor to leave the close alley and unhealthy city street and make their homes within sight or reasonable distance of green fields, and where fresh air is a boon known by experience as well as by repute; all with the knowledge that they can reach work punctually every morning, and return home promptly every night by means of an efficient and reliable rail service.

Hon. Mr. Mercier's Return.

It is difficult to understand on what grounds should such a superabundance of enthusiasm and congratulations attend the home-coming of the HON. MR. MERCIER, unless, indeed, it be the natural delight of the taxpayers of the Province at a prospect of the termination of a very costly junketing, the outlay for which will certainly have to come from their already depleted pockets. In the attainment of the object for which it was undertaken, the mission can scarcely be called a success. True, the Provincial Premier made many official visits to cities and men of note, and delivered a number of speeches on public occasions which will not fail to make Canada and Canadian matters better known to Europeans, although the sentiments expressed have a strange and unnatural ring to British-Canadian ears; but apart from this, the delegation has been anything but successful, not even one-half of the sum wanted having been secured, although probably through no fault of the talented visitors. In view of this, it seems rather absurd that such laudatory and extravagant encomiums should be pronounced by the party press, public meetings held, and so great a degree of personal glorification indulged in.

Note Extension of Time in PRIZE COMPETITION.

Literary Competition.

The Publishers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED offer the sum of \$130 in four prizes for short stories from Canadian writers—

1st prize.....	\$60
2nd ".....	40
3rd ".....	20
4th ".....	10

On the following conditions:

- 1st—All stories must be delivered at the office of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED not later than 1st August next.
 - 2nd—Each story to contain not less than 5,000 words, and not to exceed 8,000 words.
 - 3rd—All MS. sent in for this competition to become the property of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.
 - 4th—Each story must contain a motto on top of first page, and be accompanied by a sealed envelope, inside of which is stated the name and address of the writer. The outside of envelope to bear motto used on story.
 - 5th—MS. to be written in ink, and on one side of paper only.
 - 6th—Stories on Canadian subjects are preferred.
- THE SABISTON LITHO. & PUB. CO.,
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The Dominion Illustrated Prize Competition, 1891. QUESTIONS.

SIXTH SERIES.

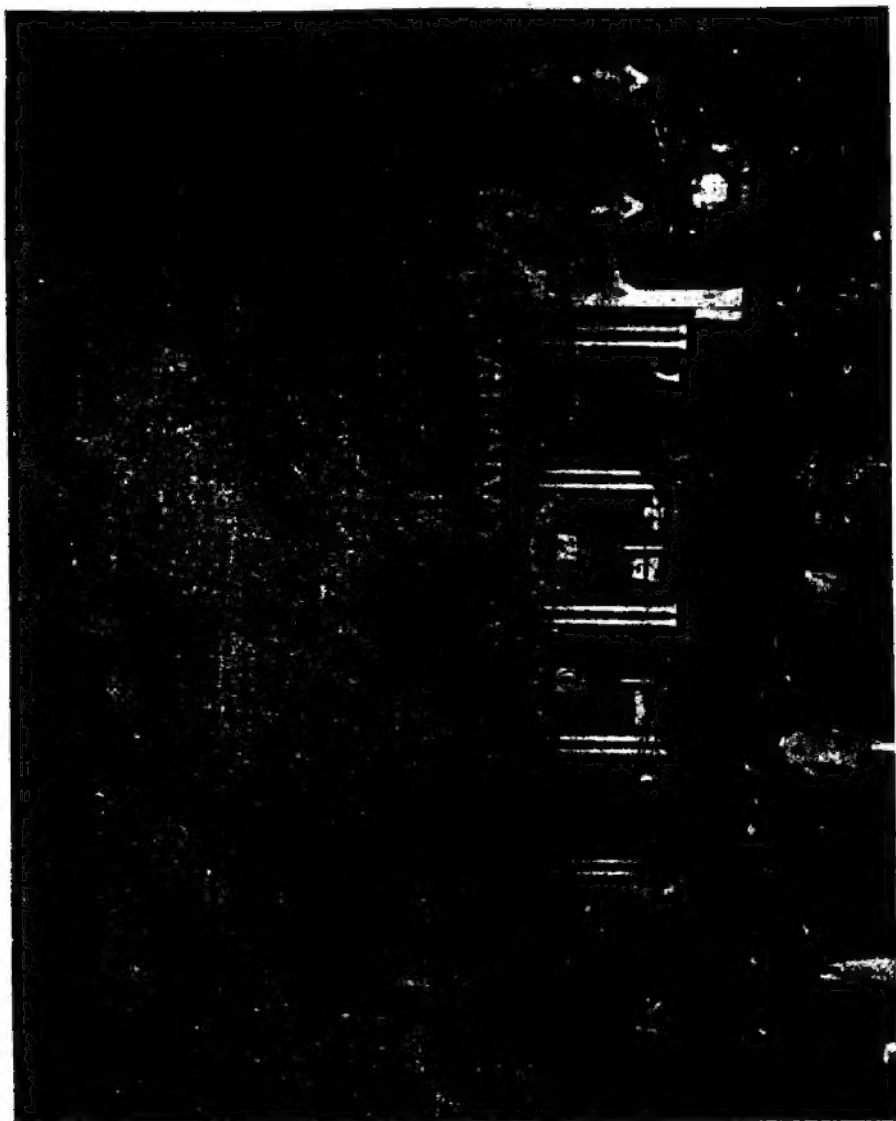
- 31.—What artist is mentioned who studied portrait painting in Spain?
- 32.—Quote a criticism on American State Secretaries.
- 33.—Where is mention made of insects with strong jaws and healthy appetites?
- 34.—On what page is mentioned a lecture by Rev. Dean Carmichael, of Montreal?
- 35.—Who commanded a regiment raised in Canada in 1796?
- 36.—Quote a reference to the Lord Bishop of Niagara.

NOTE.—All the material necessary for correctly answering the above questions can be found in Nos. 131 to 156 of the "Dominion Illustrated," being the weekly issues for January, February, March, April, May and June.



1. MAJOR WESTON, COMMANDANT. 2. MAJOR BLAICKLOCK, ADJUTANT.
 3. Capt. W. P. Milligan. 4. Pte. J. H. Ellis. 5. Staff-Sergt. Ogg. 6. Staff-Sergt. T. Mitchell. 7. Pte. Kambery. 8. G. A. McMicking. 9. Lieut. J. H. Knifton.
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 19. Lieut. W. H. Davidson. 20. Lieut. McAvity. 21. Pte. C. A. Windatt.
 22. Lieut. A. D. Cartwright.

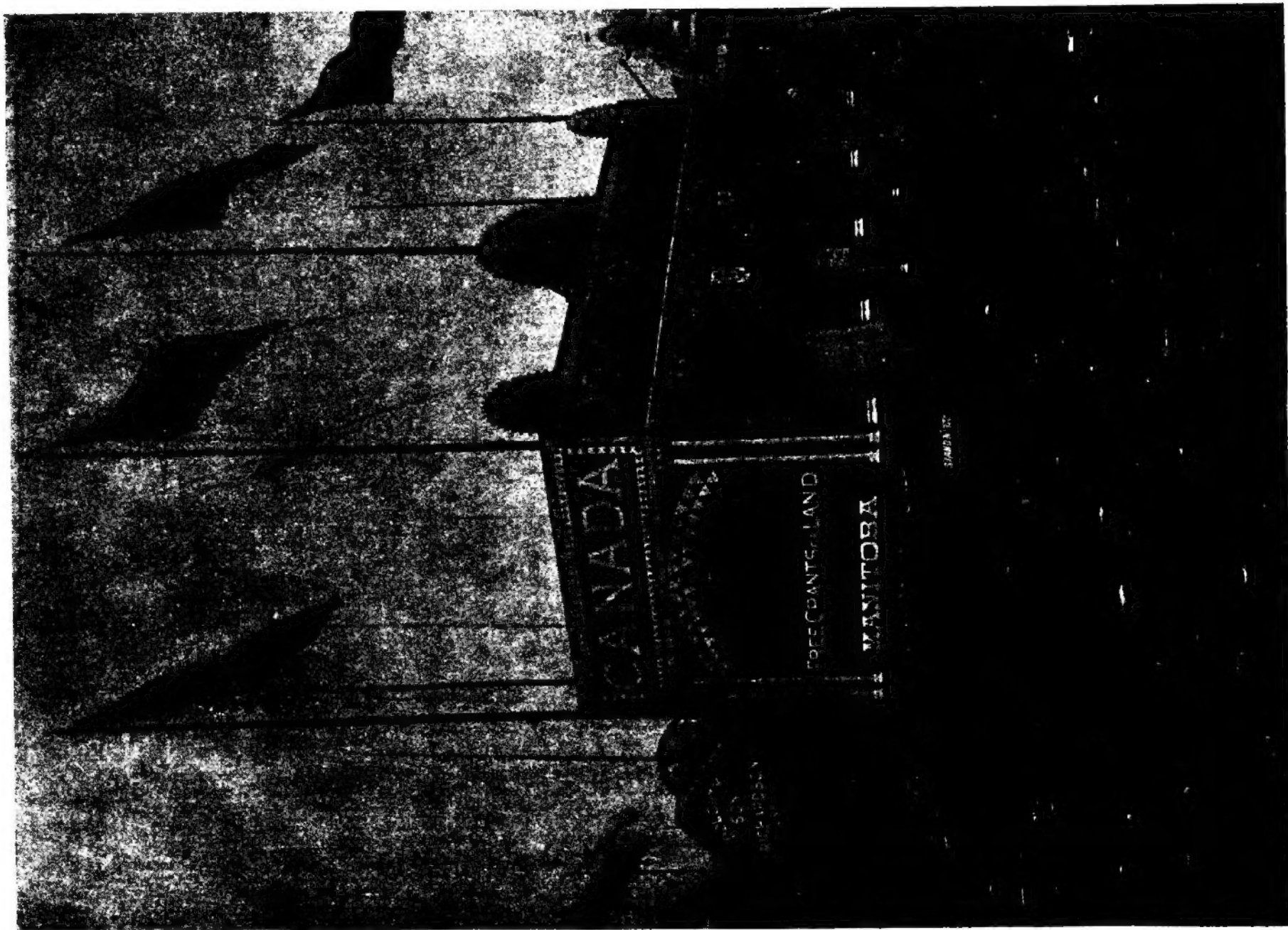
THE BISLEY TEAM OF 1891.



PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES VISITING THE CANADIAN EXHIBIT.



ROYAL PARTY LEAVING THE CANADIAN EXHIBIT.



THE CANADIAN STAND.

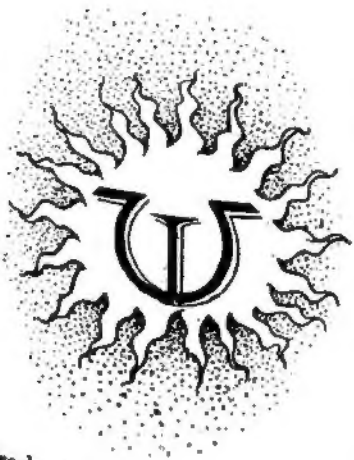
THE CANADIAN EXHIBIT AT THE DONCASTER (ENG.) ROYAL AGRICULTURAL FAIR.



WINDSOR, NOVA SCOTIA, IN 1840.
(From an old print)

AMONG THE BLUENOSES.

BY SIDNEY OWEN.



WHEN the thermometer in less favoured dominions is away up among the nineties, and Old Sol bestows his rays too bountifully to be agreeable, many a tourist makes his way to the little province of Nova Scotia, and there among the Bluenoses, and in their quaint old city of Halifax spends a glorious vacation.

The pale-faced student, fresh from his well-worn volumes, coned by the mid-night oil, here finds rest for his throbbing brain. The busy lawyer, the toil-worn merchant, the weary teacher, all bless the winds and waters wooing them back to health. Down here by the sea they revel in day dreams born of the beauty of sea and sky and landscape. To watch the long wave,—

"Lift its languorous breast,
A moment and no more."

to sniff the ozone-laden breezes from the great Atlantic, and to wander among the old pine trees and out among the slumbering hills and valleys, is to enjoy Nature in all her grand magnificence.

The Haligonians are very proud of their park, and well they may be, for its natural beauties are unsurpassed. As much of the wild grandeur of Nature as could be retained, has been carefully preserved in the arrangements of the walks and drives, and the result is one of the finest parks on the American continent. Beautiful walks, cool, shady dells, great trees stretching their giant arms overhead, and here and there glimpses of the sea showing through from away in the distance—all these make up the charms of this pretty resort.

In the centre of the park is the "Round Tower," a quaint looking structure, with tiny prison-like windows, that give the building a gloomy aspect. Away through the trunks of the trees, stretching high and bare, glimpses of the sky meet the view, mingling with the distant hills, and reminding one of Cooper's vivid descriptions in "Oak Openings."

The Halifax Public Gardens are worthy of comment. The grounds are beautifully laid out, with here and there a

miniature pond or lake, where revel the water-fowl. A pleasing feature in connection with these Gardens is the evening promenade concerts, which take place at intervals during the summer. The brilliantly lighted grounds, the ever-moving, surging throng of spectators,—the moonlight falling on fair and happy faces,—for

"Scotia's capital had gathered there,"

and the enchanting, dreamy strains of a fine military band all combine to render the scene one not soon forgotten,—a vision of fairy-land fleeting and fading as all good things of this earth do fade. But a crumb of comfort is here—our concerts come as the swallows do, with the return of summer.

The summer visitor to Halifax finds the cosmopolitan character of her market a source of amusement. To our discredit be it said, the city boasts no market building, and around one of the principal squares the vendors of garden wares are ranged in the early summer morning. The sturdy dame of English, Irish or Scotch origin stands side by side with the Acadian French girl. The latter wears the "Kirtle of blue and the ear-rings," but the mantle of loveliness from Longfellow's beautiful heroine has not descended to her. Here a woolly-headed son of Africa displays his grinning rows of ivory as he descants on the merits of his wares to the bustling housewives. A short distance away, in an embrasure formed by the wing of a large building, a group of Micmac Indians are seated, busily fashioning baskets of every conceivable size and shape. Here a spoilt child is insisting that the Indian shall make her a little basket while she watches. Mamma gives the order, and with a grin of satisfaction the squaw picks up a bundle of withes already prepared for the purpose, that lie at her feet, and the flying fingers soon fashion the miniature toy. The pale-face child bears it off in triumph, with a parting glance at the pappoose, snugly ensconced in the blanket at her mother's back; while the round, bead-like eyes of the Indian child watch the scene around her with amused interest.

About two hours ride from Halifax, by the railway, brings us to the pretty and historic town of Windsor, the seat of King's College, the oldest university in British dependencies. Beautifully situated on a slope of rising ground, the college looks down to where spreads a scene worthy of a painter's brush. Valley and meadow and smooth green fields

stretch away to meet the blue hills in the distance. One prominent feature of Windsor, and of the college woods in particular, is the grand old trees. Stately elms and chestnuts, and the maple and birch rich in the crimson and gold luxuriance of autumn form a pleasing picture; their towering forms fraught with suggestions of the long ago, when another race lived and loved beneath their branches.

In the centre of the town is Fort Edward, where still stands the old block-house, the scene of many a fierce encounter between the early settlers and the Indians. The old inhabitants tell thrilling tales of the cruelty of the red men. But that was years ago; no Micmac war whoop now breaks the calm that reigns amid the elms of Bonnie Windsor. Here too, is the old home of Haliburton, or, as he was familiarly called, "Sam Slick," the gifted author of *The Clockmaker*. The house stands, environed by trees, looking down on the pretty Avon river where it is spanned by a railway bridge, over which the iron monster glides on its way to the lovely Gaspereau,—the home of *Evangeline*. The grounds of Haliburton House are now fallen into decay, but beautiful still in their wild luxuriance with signs of past grandeur. Winding paths through the shrubbery, cool, sequestered nooks,—how meet for lovers' tryst,—the remains of rustic bridges over miniature streams,—all are there, while the wild fir and elder now grow side by side with the hawthorn and sweet briar.

Just inside the entrance gates is a deep, dark pool known as the "Piper's Pond." To the youth of Windsor this spot is fraught with suggestions of hobgoblins and all uncanny things. It received its name from a Scotch piper, who was connected with a Highland regiment stationed at Fort Edward many years ago, and who, while attempting to drink water from the Pool, fell in and was drowned. The body was never recovered; tradition says the depths of the pool have never been sounded. The deep, treacherous looking water, within the shadow of the trees that render more intense the black surface, is certainly of a weird aspect. A miniature Avernus,—it wants but Charon, the boatman pale, is the thought in your mind, as you turn away from the beautiful but, somehow, sad surroundings of Sam Slick's house.

Why He Was Not Visible.

"Where's that living skeleton?" asked the gentleman visiting the show.

"Well, the fact is," said the showman, confidentially, "he fell into the slot of that weighing machine this morning, and we haven't got him out yet. If you come back to-morrow night I fancy you can see him."



OLD FRENCH BATTERY IN POINT PLEASANT PARK, HALIFAX.
(See page 77.)

AMONG THE BLUENOSES.

RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.

"As far as the spiritual character of the period overpowers the artist and finds expression in his work, so far it will always retain a certain grandeur, and will represent to future beholders the Unknown, the Inevitable, the Divine."—EMERSON.

The traveller, now-a-days, in pleasant France, is far too apt, after he has "done" Paris, to put himself into an express train, whirl through the wine country, close his eyes on smoky Lyons, and open them upon the bluest of seas. It is Paris that misleads him. The Revolution, the Empire, the Republic, have so destroyed or changed the Paris of old, that, in spite of the ancient landmarks yet remaining, the general effect is one of brightness and newness. Everything sparkles, and not least the crowds that flit past him on the boulevards, or sit sipping their *café noir* and *absinthe*. If he is an artist or a poet he may go by way of contrast, when he leaves it, to one of the charming out-of-the-way nooks in Normandy or on the Breton coast, or seek one of the other historic cities where change has not been so rife. If he is but the average human being of five senses, ten to one the epicureanism in the air enters into his soul and sends him to the epicurean's home—the shore of the Mediterranean.

You and I are artists and poets, of course (although this perverse generation does not always buy our pictures or publish our rhymes), and as we are fresh from the shrines of our own country, let us make a pilgrimage to one of the most renowned shrines of this. France, as you know, is the birth-place of Gothic architecture—many believe that nowhere but in France did it reach perfection, and the cathedral of Notre Dame at Rheims is the flower of the best period of Gothic.

The old walled city where sprang up this flower is ninety-nine miles from Vesle, a tributary of the Aisne. The circle of forts, remaining from the time of the Franco-Prussian war, gives it rather the appearance of a camp, and spoils, to some extent, the picturesqueness of the vine-clad hills to the south and west. The wall has eleven gates, of

which that named under is the most interesting, having close to it the old Roman gate—a triple triumphal arch, covered with bas-reliefs, now unintelligible. The cathedral is on the site of an older building, which itself replaced one still more ancient—the Basilian, in which Clovis and the principal lords of his court were baptised by St. Remigius in 464, after the battle of Tolbias. Philip Augustus was consecrated at Rheims in 1179, as were all the succeeding kings of France until 1830—with the exception of Henry IV., who was consecrated at Chartres; Napoleon, who was consecrated at Paris, and Louis XVIII., who was not consecrated at all. At the revolution of 1830 the ceremony was abolished.

The cathedral is in the interior 480 feet long by 99 feet wide, with a transept, or *croisée*, of 160 feet. The height of the roof is 117 feet, that of the towers 267. Though built in the thirteenth century, the facade is mainly of the fourteenth. In the fifteenth century a fire destroyed the roof and spires; the latter were never fully restored.

As the exquisite carvings show, the church was built when Gothic sculpture, as well as Gothic architecture, was in its prime. A cathedral was the Gothic sculptor's block; the Bible and the legends of the saints were his subjects; without and within, on parts seen and on parts unseen, carving was lavished with equal care. The facade is a perfect gallery of statues, thirty-four of which are life-size. In the reliefs within the tympanums of the door, the picturesque tendency of Gothic sculpture comes out strongly. The Coronation of the Virgin is the central scene; on the right we have Christ Enthroned; on the left Christ Crucified. The statues at the sides of the main portal are arranged in groups that remind us of the "Santa Conversazione" of Italian painting. No violent action is expressed, but a graceful gesture or a turn of the head suggests their relation to each other. St. Gabriel kneels to the Blessed Virgin, and Isaac to Abraham; Zacharias stretches forth his arms to receive the Infant Jesus. Among the

most striking pictures is one of Christ, on the central pillar of the third portal. Small angels are placed upon the buttresses of the choir-chapels; larger ones in the baldachinos. At the eastern end of the church is the Angel Tower, 59 feet above the roof, surmounted by a ball, on which stands an angel nearly eight feet high. Over the principal portal is a magnificent rose-window.

The interior is very striking, from the length of the nave, the richness of the thirteenth century stained glass, the coloured marbles of the choir, and the profusion of the carving. The Roman tomb of Jovinus, who was consul, A. D. 366,—a solid block of white marble with bas-relief—reminds us that Rheims was the Durscortorum of the Romans, mentioned by Cæsar, in whose time it was the capital of the Remi, one of the most considerable nations of Belgic Gaul. Other treasures are paintings by Titian and Tintoretto; and Poussin's masterpiece—Christ Washing the Disciples' Feet. There are tapestries of gorgeous colourings, given in the 16th century by the Cardinal of Lorraine; and in the right transept two magnificent pieces of gobelins, executed from Raphael's designs. To me the most interesting of the treasures (for there are fine pictures and tapestries elsewhere) is the Reliquary of the Sacred Phial, in which was kept the oil with which the Kings of France were anointed—that unheroic one included who owed his crown to the Maid of Orleans. The Phial itself disappeared during the Revolution.

Mediæval architecture and mediæval philosophy have been alike deplored as "a waste and prodigality of power." There are worse philosophers than the Schoolmen; and "waste" and "prodigality" are strange terms to be used in connection with temples for the Living God. When we, like the middle ages, and like another builder long before their day, scorn to offer to the Lord "of that which doth cost us nothing," the roof that covers the hearth will not so often tower above the roof that covers the altar. A Gothic cathedral, the growth of days when symbolism was the universal language is much more than a material offering to God. It is a creed in stone.

A. M. MACLEOD.

BISLEY TEAM, 1891.



COMMANDANT, Major B. A. Weston, 66th Fusiliers, Halifax, is a thorough soldier and has worked his way up in his regiment, having joined as a private in 1866. He volunteered for service in the Halifax Provisional Batt. during the North-West rebellion and commanded "C." company through that expedition. He has the North-West medal. As a rifle shot he has been most successful, having won numerous prizes, including the National Association silver medal. He won his place on the Wimbledon teams of 1878, 1881 and 1889, and was Adjutant of the team of 1883. At Wimbledon he was one of the Kolapore eight of 1878 and 1889, losing the cup of '78 by only 11 points and winning in 1889. He is thus a combination of all the qualities to make a successful commandant and the militia force of Canada will watch with deep interest the progress of the team.

The adjutant, Major William M. Blaiklock, is not only well known to Montrealers, but throughout the Dominion, by shooting men especially, who are always willing to welcome him either as a competitor or a looker on. Major Blaiklock first joined the Canadian militia in 1875 as an ensign in the Sixth Fusiliers, was made captain in 1876 and again promoted to be major in 1881. In October, 1885, he was transferred to the Royal Scots at his own request, and now has command of "B" company. Major Blaiklock has had five brothers who have served their time as officers, non-commissioned officers and privates in the Victoria Rifles. He has been secretary of the Province of Quebec Rifle Association since 1883. He was captain of the 6th Fusiliers rifle team when in that corps. He has been for a number of years captain of the Provincial eight at the London Merchants' match at Ottawa. Major Blaiklock, although he has never been to Wimbledon or Bisley, is an all round shooting man. He has carried off a number of prizes in the regimental, provincial and Dominion matches, was once in the aggregate and frequently within a few points of it. Taking the team as a whole they ought to bring credit on the country that sent them, and to themselves.

Capt. W. P. Milligan, Durham Field Battery, Clarke, Ont., has never been on the team before; has won numerous prizes at Ontario and Dominion Rifle meetings; is a good steady shot and excels with the Martini-Henry.

Capt. Geo. A. McMicking, 44th Batt., Niagara Falls, Ont., was over with the team in 1888; won sixth place on the team of 1889 but could not go; shot remarkably well at D.R.A. matches in September last, getting 4th place in Snider aggregate, also in grand aggregate, and second in the Governor-General's; is a good, steady, careful shot, and will give a good account of himself.

Staff Sergt. Ogg, 1st Brigade Field Artillery, Guelph, Ont., is the veteran of the team, having been over six times, viz. 1879 '80, '81, '87, '89, '90, this year being his seventh trip to shoot for the honour of Canada. His record is one of the best in the Dominion, and his name generally appears pretty well up in the aggregate at Bisley.

Staff Sergt. Tom Mitchell, 10th Grenadiers, Toronto, is also a veteran, having been over six times with the team, viz. 1874, '77, '79, '81, '83, '89; he is so well known to the riflemen of Canada that he can add nothing to his record. He is a sure shot and a remarkably good team man.

Sergt. C. N. Hall, 79th Highlanders, Waterloo, P.Q., is a comparatively new shot, having been over last year for the first time. He, however, makes some brilliant scores and we think will be heard of this year; was 7th in the Snider aggregate, 12th in the grand aggregate and 6th in the Governor-General's.

Sergt. J. E. Horsey, 45th Batt., Bowmanville, has been over two years, 1889 and 1890, and is what is called a good all round shot.

Pte. J. H. Ellis, G.G.F.G., Ottawa, is going over for the first time; is a new shot but expects to put on some good scores with the Martini-Henry, 91 to 94 being his average score at practice.

Pte. Kambery, Royal Scots, Montreal, was over in 1887, and while not a brilliant shot, is a sure team shot and very steady.

Lieut. J. H. Knifton, Q.O.R., Toronto, going over for the first time, is a fairly steady shot and working up.

Lieut. McAvity, 62nd Batt., St. John, N.B., going over for the first time, gives promise of being a good shot with experience.

Staff Sergt. R. McVitie, 10th Grenadiers, Toronto, is an old Wimbledon shot, having attended the matches there or 20 years past; was over last year representing Canada for the first time.

Pte. C. A. Windatt, 45th Batt., Bowmanville, was over last year, 1890, and is a rising young shot.

Sergt. R. Binmore, 3rd Batt. V.R.C., Montreal, is going over for the first time, but gives promise of being heard of; is the baby of the team.

Sergt. J. A. Armstrong, G.G.F.G., Ottawa, was over in 1884, '86, '89; is a man likely to win the Queen's prize; has a splendid record both at Wimbledon and in Canada.

Col.-Sergt. M. B. Henderson, 62nd Batt., St. John, N.B., was over in 1890; is a good, steady shot and a sure team man.

Sergt. H. Morris, 13th Batt., Hamilton, was over in 1879, '82, '87, '90; is an old, sure, steady shot, and always does good work.

Lieut. A. D. Cartwright, 47th Batt., Kingston, was over in 1887; is a brilliant young shot; son of Sir Richard, and will be heard of at Bisley.

Pte. W. Hilton, 47th Batt., Marmora, was over in 1885; not a brilliant but a sure, steady shot, and always shows well up on a team.

Pte. D. D. Beach, 45th Batt., Bowmanville, first time over; has his record to make yet.

Lieut. W. H. Davidson, 8th Batt. Royal Rifles, Quebec, is a youngster going over for the first time, but one who gives promise of doing excellent work.

CANADIAN CHURCHES, X.

Kingston possesses the distinction of being the place where the first regular ecclesiastical edifice in Upper Canada built for the service of the Church of England was erected. It is well known that the first ministers who settled in that province were United Empire Loyalists, coming over from the revolted colonies during the later years of the revolutionary war. Of these, the first and most noteworthy was the Rev. Dr. Stuart, who has been well called the "Father of the Upper Canada church." Dr. Stuart was a native of this continent, having been born at Harrisburg, Penn., in 1730; his family were Presbyterians but when he graduated from the College of Philadelphia he made up his mind to join the communion of the Church of England; he went to England for ordination in 1770 and was afterwards appointed missionary to the Mohawks at Fort Hunter. He speedily acquired a thorough knowledge of the Mohawk language and in his capacity as missionary performed the entire services in that language, conversed tolerably well, and translated large parts of the Bible into that tongue. He was intimate with the Johnston family, and these relations, with his well known

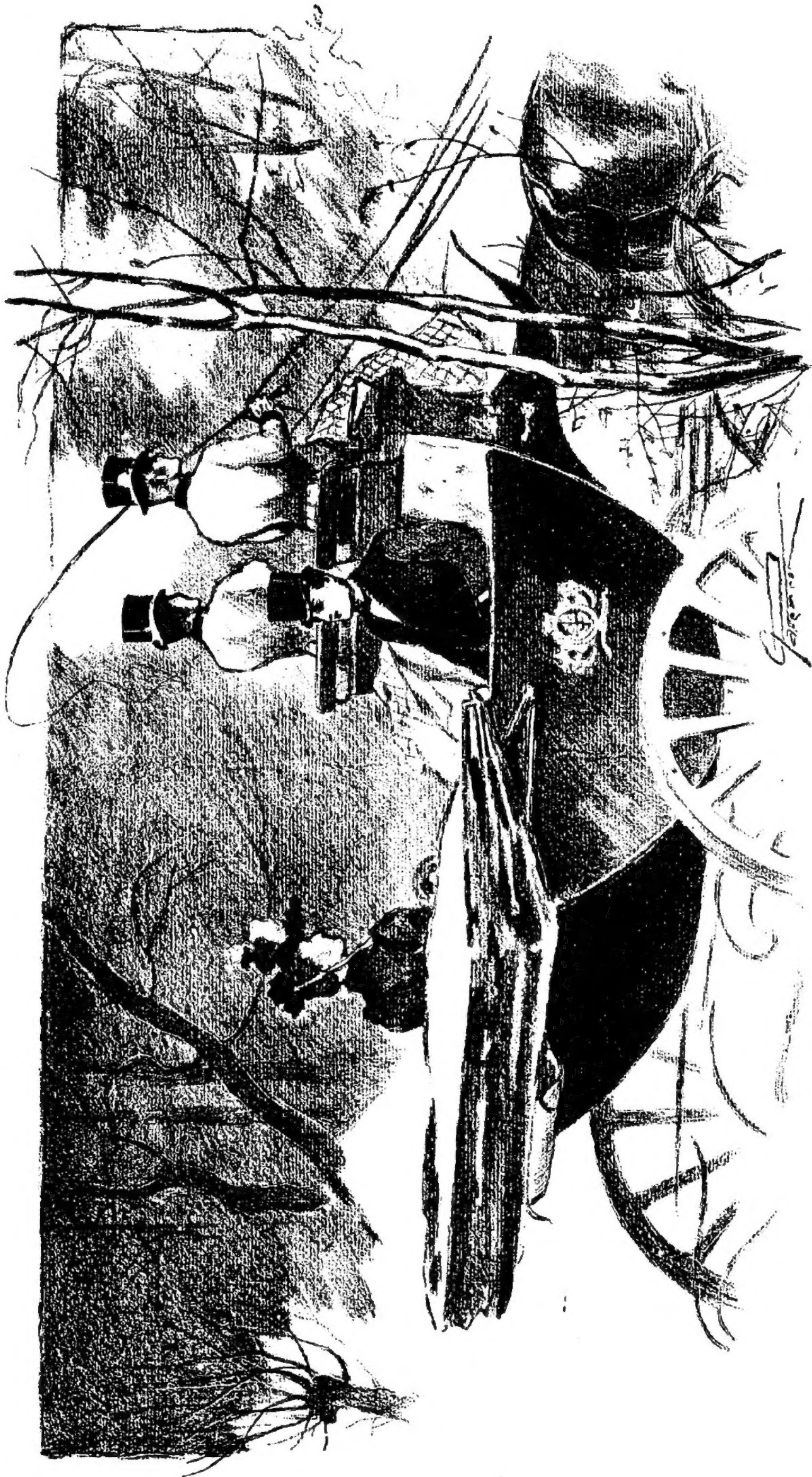
loyalty and influence with the Indians, made him especially obnoxious to the rebels, who destroyed his church and plundered his property; but he remained loyal to the Crown in spite of the harsh treatment and personal violence he received from the rebels for the maintenance of his principles. In 1780 he determined to emigrate to Canada and in September, 1781, he undertook the journey by way of Lake Champlain; after remaining at Montreal for a couple of years he decided to settle at Cataraqui. Here in a new settlement composed entirely of refugee loyalists and with direct assistance from the Crown, his previous troubles and indignities met with recompense. He was appointed chaplain to the garrison, and led for a year or two a sort of missionary life, visiting all the new settlements along the line of the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario. In August 1785 he finally settled at Cataraqui, receiving a grant of 200 acres of land not far from the little town, (besides other properties not so favourably situated) while he still continued his missionary work, his parish being about 200 miles long; in 1792 he was appointed chaplain to the Legislative Council, which necessitated his visits to Niagara at stated intervals. Up to this period any religious service at Cataraqui or Kingston must have been performed in some government or private building, probably the former, but about 1792 a church was built on the square immediately in front of where the market place stood and known as Block "G." It was a frame building which had entrances at the sides and gable and small galleries crossed both ends. It had a belfry and a small bell which was rung at stated hours every day, and music was furnished from a small key organ. Many of the early associations of Kingston were bound up in the little church, it being the central point for all baptisms, marriages and burials for many miles around.

In it probably took place on the 8th July 1792, the official reading of the King's commissions appointing Lord Dorchester Governor-in-Chief of the two newly-made provinces, and John Graves Simcoe, Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada.

In 1811 Dr. Stuart died and was buried in St. George's burying ground; his son, George O'Kill Stuart, who also took Holy Orders, succeeded his father as Rector of St. George's; on the formation of the diocese of Ontario, he became the first Dean; he died in 1862, aged 86 years. During his incumbency the parish prospered greatly, and in 1825, having outgrown the original building, the church of which we to-day give illustrations was begun, and finished in the following year. The total cost of erection was £10,000, which sum—as is stated in a tablet placed in the church—was derived from rent of church lands, contributions by the commissioners, donations by the Rector and assistant ministers, and a donation from the King of £1,500 sterling, granted by request of Sir Peregrine Maitland, Lieut.-Governor of Upper Canada. On the retirement of the younger Stuart, the Rev. J. B. Lawder was appointed Rector, but was soon succeeded by the Very Rev. Dean Lyster who remained Rector until 1884 when he was superannuated. The Rev. D. B. Smith is at present the minister in charge; but during the incumbency of these senior clergy, a number of curates have assisted in the duties, among whom may be especially mentioned Messrs. Cartwright, Herchmer and Wilson. Since its erection the Church has been improved and enlarged at various times, and at the present time extensive alterations are being made, which will result in its affording much greater accommodation; it is to be hoped that the old steeple will either be removed entirely, or replaced by one more in accordance with modern architectural art.

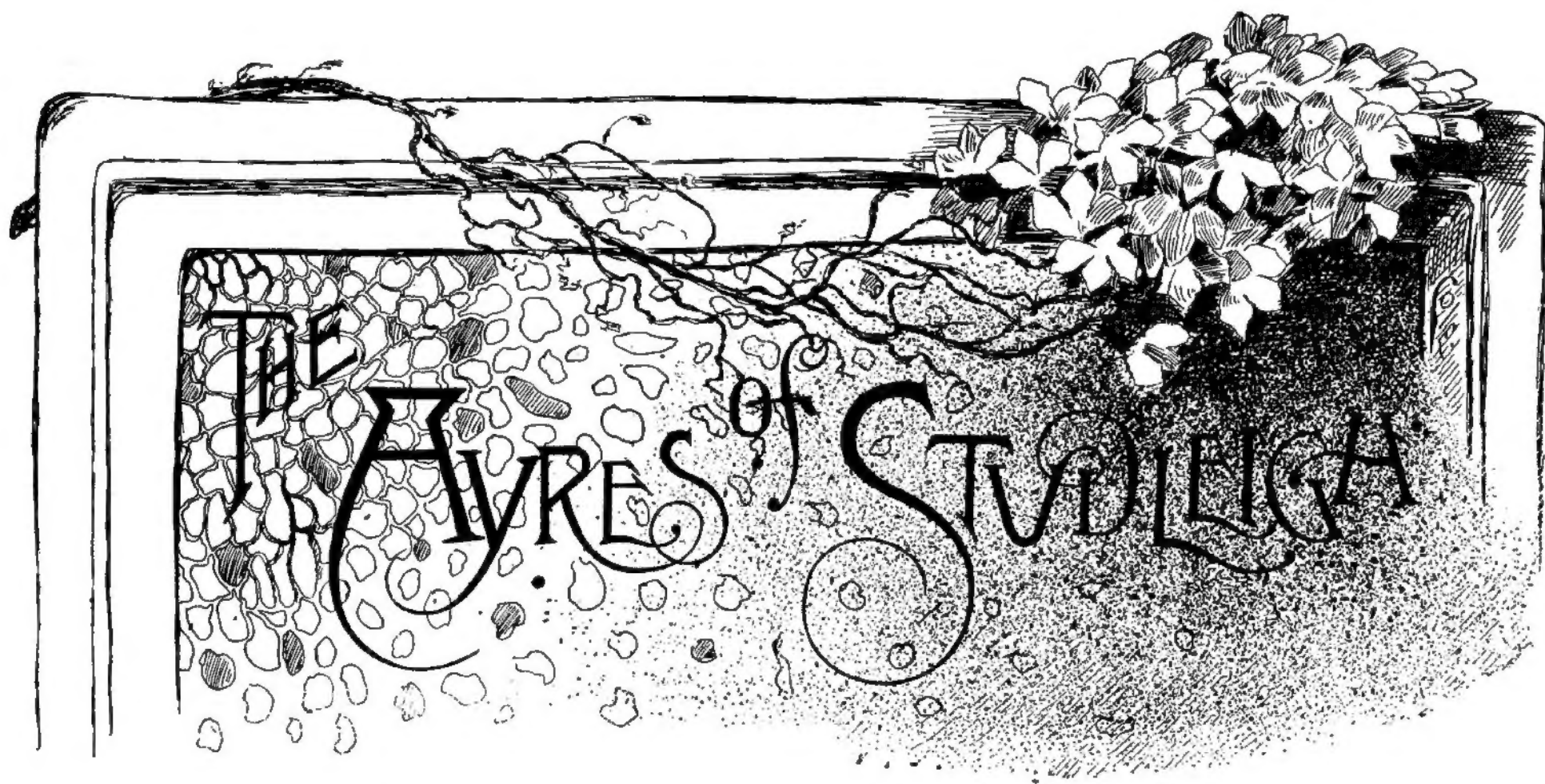
The old church contains a great number of tablets in memory of early residents and which convey much information as to the history of many of the principal families of the Limestone city.

"On the top and surface, brethren," said a minister on Sunday, "things are often clean and bright, but it is when we look below and explore the depths that we appreciate the meanness and deception of our fellow-creatures." He had been buying a basket of strawberries, evidently.



"Will Ayre long remembered that drive along the bare and wintry roads that January morning as the pleasantest he had ever shared with his mother."—(See page 82.)

THE AYRES OF STUDLEIGH.



BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

Author of "Aldersyde," "Twice Tried," "A Vexed Inheritance," "The Gates of Eden," &c.

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CHAPTER XXIX.—RORKE'S DRIFT.

WHILE these terrible events were transpiring at Isandhlwana, the little company left in charge of the camp at Rorke's Drift were inapprehensive of any danger. They had charge of the commissariat stores, and had also 35 sick in hospital. The camp was situated in the vicinity of a tract of bush which, unfortunately, had not been cut down, and favoured the approach of the enemy, as it almost completely hid them from sight. Shortly after dinner on that eventful day two men were seen galloping furiously from Zululand, and at the river bank made frantic signs to be taken over. The ferryman hastened to the Zulu side, and was immediately horrified by the news of the disaster at Isandhlwana.

"The camp must be held," said Clement Ayre, with that decision which showed the intrepid soldier and the self-reliant man.

"Ride on to Helpmakaar," he added to the private who had accompanied him, "and hurry up reinforcements."

"Will you stay here?" asked the ferryman, looking with admiration at the stalwart young figure, and the square, resolute face.

"Yes, of course. Hurry up, man. Ah, there's Bromhead! Frightful news, old chap. We're totally defeated. Only about a score of us left to tell the tale, and they're marching on to Rorke's Drift. What's to be done? Can we keep them out till help comes?"

"It must be done," Bromhead answered quietly, and Clement saw his right hand involuntarily clench.

"How many men have you?" Clement asked, as he leaped from the boat to the lieutenant's side.

"There's about two hundred of us, if they stay," said Bromhead significantly.

"Well, Daniells, what is it?" he added, seeing the ferryman wanted to speak.

"Couldn't we moore the pont in the river and fight a few of us from the deck? We might send some of the black fiends to the bottom, and anyway keep them back for a while."

The lieutenant shook his head.

"You are a brave fellow, Daniells, but it can't be done. Haul up the pont, and come up to the

entrenchment. How far distant are they, do you suppose," he added to Clement.

"I may have an hour's advance of them, no more."

"An hour?" Bromhead's head went down on his breast as he took long strides towards the camp. By the time they reached it his plan of action was laid. He suggested that a detachment of horsemen should go out to meet the enemy, in order to delay their advance, and so give time for further strengthening the camp; but his suggestion was declined—the men refused to obey orders, and a hundred of them rode off to Helpmakaar.

A peculiar smile crossed the face of the brave lieutenant, thus left with a very handful to protect the camp.

"We're a hundred and four all told, now, not including thirty-five in hospital," he said, grimly. "Let's to work."

The intrepid soldier did not lose a moment, but gave his orders with surprising speed and precision. The store building and the hospital were barricaded, and loopholes left for shooting on the enemy. When the other contingent deserted the camp, Lieutenant Chard at once saw that the line of defence they had planned and begun was too elaborate and scattered for the few who could defend it; but he was ready with another suggestion.

"We must make a wall of the biscuit-tins, and strengthen it with mealie bags," he said, with a cool smile, and all hands set to work to carry out his suggestion. There was something intensely pathetic in these slight and feeble preparations, made with such cool determination; but when the first shot was heard in the distance, a strange thrill ran through every heart. The two officers in charge exchanged glances full of significance. Clement Ayre, impulsive and outspoken, as usual, put his thoughts into words—

"Do you think it'll stand?" he asked, gravely.

"No, but it'll give us a chance to sell our lives dearly," Bromhead announced, quietly. "And if we can but keep the attention of the enemy until the General comes up, we may save Natal."

"He must have heard by this time of Isandhlwana," said Clement, and then they said no more, for when men are face to face with death, though their minds are busier and fuller perhaps than in any previous part of their existence, they do not

care to express what they think and feel in words.

"You've jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire, Ayre," said Bromhead, with a faint smile. "On a horse in open ground you had a chance, here you have none; but we'll do our duty."

"Ay, ay, look yonder; are we ready to meet them?"

It was now half-past four, and the wall had only been built two boxes high, forming but a sorry sort of redoubt at best, when a band of Zulus were seen advancing at a run upon the camp. Nothing more perfect than the coolness, more heroic than the instant action of these intrepid men, who held the fate of Natal by a slender thread, was ever known in history. Every man was at his post—every hand steady at the guns; not a moment, not a chance of advantage, was lost, and the first fire made havoc in the ranks. But they rushed on, maddened by their success, over the fallen bodies of their comrades, and dashed round the hospital to the other side where the redoubt was weakest. There they were met by a handful of the brave garrison, who gave them a taste of the British bayonet, which put their assegais to shame. It was a desperate struggle, in which several were wounded, but each place was filled as it became empty by men who were assisting to defend the hospital in front. For at least eight hours this terrible siege continued, the hospital was burned down, and, somewhat disheartened, the gallant little company retired into the centre of their entrenchments, feeling that unless the besiegers should desist or help arrive they must either surrender or allow themselves to be cut down at their posts.

Early in the siege Clement Ayre received a flesh wound in the left arm, which, though very painful, did not keep him from fighting. He fought, indeed, like a lion. More than once Bromhead looked at him in wonder, admiring his coolness and intrepid daring, which made him expose himself in the very hottest forefront of the battle, and seemed to nerve his arm with extraordinary strength. Towards midnight the firing from without became less frequent and less sustained, and a feeble hope began to flicker in the breasts of those who had held that forlorn hope. Not a word was spoken, but each ear strained for the next volley; each heart was secretly conscious of relief as the intervals became more and more prolonged. They felt certain that daybreak, at least, would bring them the longed for aid.

Meanwhile the General and his forces were about ten miles in advance of Isandhlwana, believing that they were marching upon the great body of the enemy, who were supposed to be

hidden in the caves of a deep valley called Matyana Stronghold.

In the course of the day they had a slight brush with a party of Zulus, who kept them in amusement while the King and his great regiments were cutting to pieces the brave little force on Isandlwana Hill.

Early in the afternoon a note was received from the outposts in the rear, saying firing had been heard from the direction of the camp they had left, and the General instantly despatched one of his lieutenants to the top of a high hill with a powerful telescope, to see if he could observe anything unusual in the neighbourhood. After about an hour's close observation he returned with the information that he could see nothing but the cattle being driven into camp. By this time not a vestige of the enemy could be seen, and after a hasty conversation the General ordered the troops to bivouac where they were for the night, and started himself at the head of the mounted infantry for Isandlwana. Although they were in some uncertainty and anxiety, they had not the slightest prevision of the fearful events of the day, and certainly no idea of the desperate struggle then going on at Rorke's Drift. Within two miles of Isandlwana they halted, and sent an officer to reconnoitre. He returned shortly with the news that an awful disaster had taken place, and that the enemy held the camp. A despatch was sent off in hot haste to the troops encamped six miles off, and at six o'clock in the evening they came up with the advance. Then steadily, but with the utmost force and precision, nerved with the thirst for revenge on the cruel foe who had destroyed their comrades, they moved forward to retake the camp. It was speedily and splendidly done, and before nightfall the Zulus were completely routed, and abandoned their position. One thought filled the mind of each—the vision of the little camp at Rorke's Drift was before every eye; but it was impossible, with exhausted men and animals, to proceed to its relief before a needful rest was obtained.

Night fell on a strange and weirdly awful picture. The desolate camp, the dead bodies of the slain, with their pallid faces upturned to the sky, the dead horses and oxen scattered everywhere, and the weary, dispirited soldiers trying to snatch their precious repose among such strange surroundings, and uncertain what an hour might bring forth; none who took part in that sad bivouac would be likely to forget it.

At dawn of day they were on the alert once more, and hurried on to Rorke's Drift. The feelings of officers and men alike could not be easily described as they pushed forward, scarcely daring to expect anything but the worst. The enemy had all night long kept up a harassing fire, though irregular, on the camp at Rorke's Drift. About daybreak it entirely ceased, only, however, to be renewed an hour or two later. About seven o'clock the brave officers in charge of that forlorn hope met in brief consultation. They were all exhausted, and unless help came from Helpmakaar, or the General himself should arrive, there could be no hope.

"It's all up with us," said Bromhead, rather gloomily, for it seemed hard, after the desperate fight they had made, that they should be ultimately destroyed. "See yonder, the Zulus again advancing in a body."

"The ammunition is all done, so it'll be hand-to-hand this time," said Clement Ayre. "Well, we'll sell our lives dearly. We'll let them see how the British can fight."

"You're right about the Zulus, old fellow—but, unless I'm mistaken, yonder's the buff coats of the 24th," said another, gleefully. "Hurrah, we're saved—it's the General himself."

A few minutes later the camp was a scene of lively excitement. The general's face was radiant as he shook hands with the brave soldiers, and his words of praise were generous and sincere.

"You are the first to win the Victoria Cross in this campaign," he said, heartily. "There is no doubt that you have saved Natal."

He spoke truly. But for the gallant, intrepid defence the enemy must have poured its hordes

into the colony, and carried destruction in its train.

It was a brave deed bravely done—another bright page added to the page of British history. In the fearful excitement and strain of the siege none had had time to think of sufferings or wounds, but it soon became evident that some were suffering severely. Among these was Clement Ayre, whose wound was occasioning him such keen pain and feverishness that he was ordered into hospital at once.

"Can anyone tell me what became of Raybourne, who was attached to Glyn's column?" he asked the surgeon who came to attend him.

"I'll find out. Be still, sir. If you don't keep yourself quiet it'll go hard with you. It's an ugly cut."

"Never mind it. I want to know what became of Raybourne. If he's dead it will be an awful business for his people."

"He isn't the only one, my boy. Keep quiet, I tell you. How can I do anything, while you're wriggling about like that?"

"Is it a dangerous wound?"

"Not in the meantime, but it'll trouble you a bit maybe. It should have been attended to sooner. When did you get it?"

"Yesterday, some time just after they set the hospital on fire. I had to help to keep 'em out till they got the sick fellows safely out. It was an exciting business, but I believe I hewed a few of them down."

"Well, that'll do. Drink this now, and I'll inquire after your friend. I'll ask the General, if need be; but if you haven't seen him I doubt it's all up with him, poor fellow."

The surgeon nodded and went off to make his inquiries, but by the time he had learned the few unsatisfactory particulars his patient was off his head and muttering about things far from Rorke's Drift and its deadly peril. The surgeon smiled sadly as he laid a cooling cloth on his head. He was not the only one who in his fever, spoke the sweet name of "the girl he left behind him."

CHAPTER XXX.—THE NEWS AT HOME.

"There has been a frightful disaster in Zululand, Will—a total defeat of our troops."

Lady Emily Ayre uttered these words as her son entered the breakfast-room one morning in January.

"Are there any particulars or names?" he asked, with that quick, eager concern he always exhibited when the soldiers or their doings at the Cape were spoken of.

"None except that the 24th took part, and that about a thousand are killed."

"A thousand," repeated Will in dismay. "And no names given. What frightful suspense they will endure this morning at Stonecroft and Winterdyne."

He took the paper his mother had laid down and ran his eye over the brief despatch which had already sent a thrill of agony to many hearts. It was short and unsatisfactory, as the first despatches after an engagement usually are, and served only to suggest to the mind the possibilities involved. But in another day all anxiety would be set at rest.

"Has it taken away your appetite, Will?" Lady Emily asked, observing that he left his plate untouched. "Raybourne and your cousin may have escaped—in fact it is most likely they have, as they are too inexperienced to be pushed to the front."

Will smiled at this suggestion.

"Inexperience is not taken into consideration at such a time. I feel very anxious, especially—though I don't know why—on Raybourne's account. It seems to have been a desperate fight; the camp was totally surrounded."

"Well, I'm sure I see no benefit to be got from carrying on wars in savage countries, and sacrificing so many lives," said Lady Emily. "What is the end and aim of it all?"

"To protect the settlers at the Cape, of course," returned the Squire. "Mother, I cannot rest. I must ride over to Stonecroft this morning and see whether they have learned any further particulars."

"You can't ride on a bitter cold morning like this. If you will go you must drive. If you like

to take the brougham, and leave me at Winterdyne, I will accompany you—but are they at home from the East?"

"Yes. They returned last week."

"You always know their movements," said his mother, with a slight hardness in her voice. "It is you who ought to have been in the East, I think. Will you not go, even yet, to please me?"

There was genuine anxiety in her look as she asked the question. There was not much change in Will to outward seeming, but his mother's nervous eye detected a greater delicacy of outline and a general languor of movement, which filled her with a vague alarm.

"Mother, I don't know if it is always wise to run away from Studleigh in winter. I believe it makes one more susceptible to cold. I have never been better than this winter I have spent at home," he said, cheerfully.

"I have been tormenting myself for some days thinking you are not well, Will," she said, with a solicitude which made her face lovely.

"It is just imagination, mother, dear. I assure you I am perfectly well. But I will drive this morning to please you, if you will do something to please me."

"What is that?"

"Call at Stonecroft with me before you go up to Winterdyne. You know that by taking a little curve in the road we can drive past the gates."

"What should I do at Stonecroft, Will? It might please you, but I question if it would please anybody else. If Mrs. Geoffrey should be in trouble, I am but an indifferent sympathiser, I am afraid."

"You are very hard on yourself, mother. You can be very kind and gentle when you like. Shall I order the brougham to be ready in an hour?"

"How long will it take us to drive to Winterdyne?"

"An hour and a half to Stonecroft, mother; ten minutes more to Winterdyne."

Lady Emily laughed outright. "To Stonecroft be it, then. You always have your own way," she said, pleasantly. "But you must be answerable for the consequences."

Will Ayre long remembered that drive along the bare and wintry roads that January morning as the pleasantest he had ever shared with his mother. There were times when they were very happy together, when she showed to him only her motherly and womanly side; times when even Will, with his high ideal, missed no attribute in his mother which he wished her to possess.

Although Stonecroft was but a small property, it was approached by a very long, imposing avenue, lined with stately beech trees. A pretty ivy-coloured lodge guarded the entrance gates, and when the carriage stopped the woman ran out at once.

"There is no one at home, sir," she said, with a curtsy, recognising the Squire at once.

"No one at home! I thought Mrs. Ayre returned last week?"

"So she did, sir, for two nights; then her and Miss Evy went away to Blundell on a visit to Sir Randal and Lady Vane."

"You don't know when they are to return, I suppose?"

"No, sir. Mrs. Ayre was to write when she was coming."

Will looked disappointed, and thanking the woman bade the coachman drive on to Winterdyne.

"Your aunt leads a gay life, and she appears to have troops of friends," Lady Emily remarked, as they drove away from the gate.

"If there is bad news it will reach them as quickly at Blundell as anywhere, I suppose," Will said absently. "I wonder whether they have any news at Winterdyne?"

A kind of silence fell upon them, and they spoke very little as they drove rapidly along the broad highway to the great gates of Winterdyne. They were wide open, and the unostentatious brougham from Studleigh passed through without being observed. But when they swept round to the front of the fine old house, and saw every window darkened, a thrill of horror seemed to pass through their hearts.

Almost before the carriage stopped, Will alighted and ran up the steps to the hall door.

"What has happened? Is there bad news from the Cape?" he asked the servant, who threw open the door.

"Yes, sir," said the man, in a subdued tone. "We've lost our young Lord."

"Lost him! He is not dead?" cried Will Ayre, incredulously.

"Dead, sir. Shot and stabbed by those beastly Zulus. I beg pardon, sir, but we were all so fond of Lord Raybourne, and it's mighty hard upon every one of us, that's all."

The man drew his hand across his eyes, and his voice took a huskier tone.

"When did the news come?" demanded Will, not noticing that his mother had left the carriage, and was listening to every word.

"Only this morning, sir. Somebody telegraphed to his lordship, and then the papers came with the list."

"Are the family at home?"

"Only his Lordship and Lord Norman, sir. Lord Raybourne now, I should say. Her ladyship and Lady Sybil are at Blundell visiting Lady Vane."

"Could we see Lord Winterdyne, do you think?" asked Lady Emily, quickly.

"I—I don't think so, my lady, but I'll enquire. He is very much broken down. It came so unexpected; and it was so cruel."

"It is, indeed, terrible," said Will, huskily.

"Did you say the list was out? Is there no mention of Lieutenant Ayre?"

"No, sir, not that we've heard, anyhow. If you'll come in, please, I'll tell his lordship you are here."

He ushered them into the darkened drawing-room, drew up one of the blinds a little way, and tried to tell his master.

"Mother, is not this frightful? It was always Clement we feared for. Somehow Raybourne, with his easy going ways and his strong common sense, seemed far removed from danger," exclaimed Will, as he restlessly paced to and fro the room. "It will kill Lady Winterdyne."

"You do not know her, Will. She will bear it

with more fortitude than her husband. I cannot help thinking most of all of your poor cousin."

"Do you mean Evelyn? God comfort her. I think of her too. It will be a fearful trial to her," Will replied, hoarsely.

"Mother, I cannot but wonder at the doings of the Almighty. Why should Raybourne, in his manly strength, in the very outset of his usefulness, be taken and I left?"

His mother faintly smiled.

"The Almighty pities the loneliness and bitterness of a widowed mother, Will, that is all," she answered, and for the moment he felt himself rebuked. Perhaps, in his warm love for his cousins, he had not at all times given to his mother the consideration to which she was entitled. Before he could reply the door was swiftly opened, and Lord Winterdyne entered. They saw that he had received a terrible blow. His hand, as he extended it to Lady Emily, trembled like a leaf, and his face looked grey and worn in the dim light.

"Dear Lord Winterdyne, this is fearful!" Lady Emily said, with a quickness of sympathy which amazed Will. "We had no idea. We ought not to have asked to see you, but the news is so overwhelming. Will Adela have heard this morning?"

"Oh, yes. I am just preparing to go to Blundell. I do not quite realize it yet. It seems so short a time since the boy left us, and he was so strong, so full of life."

Lord Winterdyne sat down as he spoke, and passed his hand wearily across his brow. William Ayre looking on, passionately wished that he had been able to offer up his life instead of the brave young soldier upon whom so many hopes were built. He was full of pity for the grey-haired father, and yet he thought most of all of the fair girl who had so soon lost the lover of her youth.

"It seems cruel to ask you particulars, Lord Winterdyne," he said in a low voice. "But we know nothing. We had not got the latest morning papers when we left. Is there any news of my cousin?"

"He is wounded, though not seriously. He escaped the first massacre—it was nothing less—and took part in the defence of Rorke's Drift. That will make the world wonder when particulars come

to hand. Harry was shot down early in the engagement. It seems he went forward with Glyn, trying to intercept the enemy at a narrow pass. Later particulars may somewhat exonerate those in authority, but in the meantime it must appear to all who read that our men were simply set up as targets for Zulu gun and assegai."

He spoke with a bitterness which was excusable.

"My heart bleeds for his mother and for that poor girl," he said, beginning to walk to and fro to keep down his rising agitation. "I am thankful that we let no foolish pride or prejudice stand in the way of his heart's desire, and that he sought and won her love before he went; away and yet, perhaps, it would have been better to have left her fancy free."

"No, no," said Will, impulsively.

"'Tis better to have loved and lost," he added, with a sad smile.

"Well, well, perhaps so. I am glad to have seen you. It relieves one's mind, and I was feeling terribly alone. I shall be stronger to meet Lady Winterdyne and the poor girls. I expect to reach Blundell about five o'clock. Yes, I shall take your kind messages."

"Good-bye."

"It is hard for you; but you have other children, Lord Winterdyne," Lady Ayre said, as she bade him good-bye. "There will be many others who have lost their all, and you have comfort in his stainless memory; that is much."

"It is—it is everything. I know that will sustain his mother as nothing else could. I believe I can truly say that I am glad it is my son rather than Clement Ayre. His mother has had many sorrows. Hitherto our life has been singularly free. We must not rebel."

It was a fine spirit in which to accept so great a sorrow. Lady Emily's eyes were wet as she hurried out to the carriage.

"I had no idea, Will, that Lord Winterdyne could be so unselfish," she said, when they drove away. "It is a great deal to say that he would give up his own son rather than Clement, but, I daresay he was thinking of Sybil too."

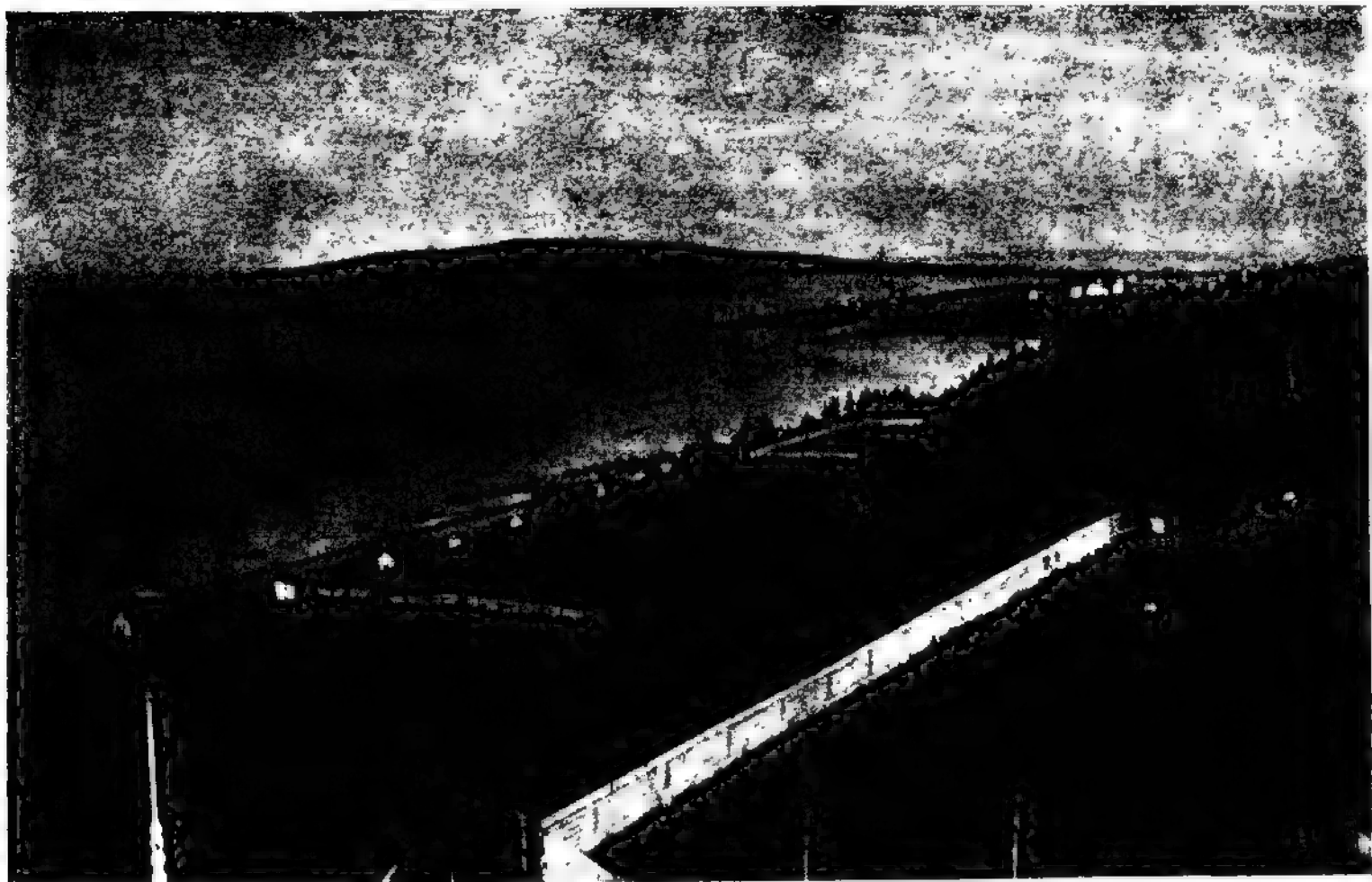
(To be Continued.)



RUINS OF OLD HOUSE NEAR MONTREAL WHERE IT IS SAID THE ARTICLES OF CAPITULATION BETWEEN AMHERST AND VAUDREUIL, (1760) WERE SIGNED.



INTERIOR OF FORT HENRY, KINGSTON.



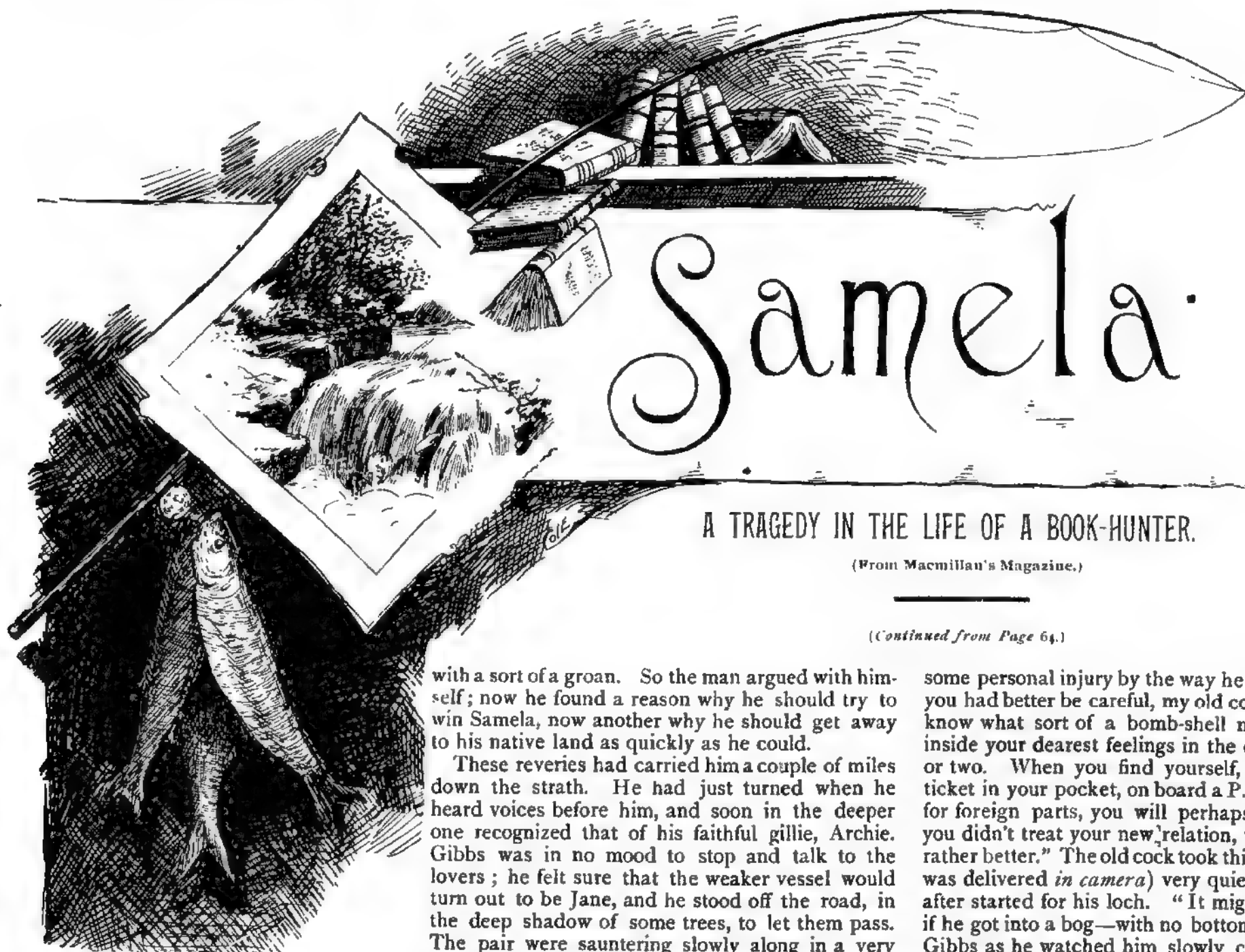
CACOUNA BEACH.



BAY OF TADOUSAC.
ON THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.



MICHAELMAS DAISIES.
(From the painting by F. D. Millet.)



Samela.

A TRAGEDY IN THE LIFE OF A BOOK-HUNTER.

(From Macmillan's Magazine.)

(Continued from Page 64.)

with a sort of groan. So the man argued with himself; now he found a reason why he should try to win Samela, now another why he should get away to his native land as quickly as he could.

These reveries had carried him a couple of miles down the strath. He had just turned when he heard voices before him, and soon in the deeper one recognized that of his faithful gillie, Archie. Gibbs was in no mood to stop and talk to the lovers; he felt sure that the weaker vessel would turn out to be Jane, and he stood off the road, in the deep shadow of some trees, to let them pass. The pair were sauntering slowly along in a very loverlike guise.

"He's after her—he's ay after her," said Archie, as they came within hearing. "He's talking wi' her, and laughing wi' her, and painting wi' her, whenever he gets a chance, but whether he'll get her or no is a matter aboot which I shouldna like to say. And I'm much mistaken if he isna *smoking* wi' her! If I didna see a cigar in her mooth the very day we lost yon big fish at the General's Rock, I'm no Archie Macrae but some ither body!" This scurrilous observation was founded on the fact that on the afternoon in question, after being nearly devoured by midges, Samela had, at Gibbs's suggestion, tried to defend herself with a cigarette. "Tobacco! wheu! filthy stuff! it's bad eneuch in a man, but in a wummin— You'd better no let me catch you at the likes of yon, Jean, ma lass!"

"And do you think I'm going to ask *your* leave when I want to do aught?" inquired the shrill voice of Jane. "For if you do you're wrang!—and how'll you stop me?" Then there was a slight scuffle and a slap and the two happy ones passed on.

"You old scoundrel!" muttered the indignant master as he emerged from his place and continued on his way. "See if I don't sort you for that some day, you sanctimonious old beast! I hope she'll comb your hair for you—what there's left of it—you long-legged old ruffian!" So the old saying was once more justified. Then Gibbs went home with a lot of resolutions and arguments so jumbled up in his brain together that he was quite unequal to the work of laying hold of any particular one and getting it out by itself.

Much to his surprise our fisherman had a good night, and came down to breakfast with quite an appetite. The old professor had nearly finished—he was an early bird—and he was just off on an expedition in charge of a keeper to a loch some miles away, where a remarkably fine specimen of the *Belladonna Campanulista* was said to have its habitation. Never had he shown himself so crabbed and unsociable as he did that morning. "Really," thought Gibbs, as he dug a spoon into his egg, "one would think I had done the old gentleman

some personal injury by the way he treats me. But you had better be careful, my old cock! You little know what sort of a bomb-shell may be bursting inside your dearest feelings in the course of a day or two. When you find yourself, with a steerage ticket in your pocket, on board a P. and O. *en route* for foreign parts, you will perhaps be sorry that you didn't treat your new relation, that was to be, rather better." The old cock took this oration (which was delivered *in camera*) very quietly, and shortly after started for his loch. "It might clear the way if he got into a bog—with no bottom to it," thought Gibbs as he watched him slowly climbing up the hill opposite. "He is probably beetle-catcher in general to some college—he *would* be a father-in-law to have!"

On the whole he took a rather less roseate view of matters in the cold daylight. "There is no doubt it would be a horribly rash thing to do," said he, as he began to fish his first pool, "knowing nothing about them; I think I'll—" then up came a fish and the line ran out and the reverie was ended.

III.

Forty miles away down the hills was another river, rented by a man whom Gibbs knew. Had sport been good, nothing short of an order from the war office would have torn this man away from his water; but his fishing had been poor, and he had announced his intention of taking a holiday from Saturday to Monday and spending it with his old friend. In due time this gentleman, Captain Martingale, arrived, full to overflowing with grumbles and pity for himself.

"I never saw such a place," he exclaimed as soon as they had shaken hands. "It used to be a good river, but it's gone all to grass now."

"Haven't you plenty of water?" inquired Gibbs.

"Water! that's the mischief of it, there's far too much! You wouldn't think a big stream like that would be affected by every shower, but it is—everlastingly jumping up and down! You get to a pool and think it is in pretty good order; you turn round to light a pipe, or tie a lace, or something, and when you look again it's half a foot higher, and rising still! And when I ask my gillie the reason, he points to a small cloud away in the middle of Caithness and says that's it! Of course, nothing will take; and indeed there is nothing *to* take; those infernal nets get everything; they got over a hundred last Tuesday—several over thirty pounds! I saw the factor the other day and told him what a shame it was, and he just laughed! The last time I was there, when old Newton had it, we used to get our four or five fish a day, and here have I been slaving away from morning till midnight, nearly, for a fortnight, and only got fifteen!"



sack. "If such things should come to pass," thought Gibbs, "I wonder if that old man would care—when he was relieved of the responsibility of looking after his charming daughter—I wonder if he would care to make an expedition to Honduras or Sierra Leone, and collect specimens of his things in those parts. He would have then a fine field for his energies." Then he thought of himself. Did he in reality wish for this change, or was it merely a passing gleam of light which shone on him, and which would pass away as similar lights had done before, and be little thought of afterwards? He was well past the romantic age, as it is called, and he was very comfortable as he was. Marriage, unless the bride had some fair dower, meant giving up a good many pleasures—perhaps some little comforts; salmon-fishing, for instance, might have to become a thing of the past. "It's a devil of a thing to make up one's mind about," said Gibbs

"Oh, come!" said Gibbs, "that's not so very bad, after all."

"Oh! that's all very well for you!" retorted the grumbler. "Look what you've done. In my opinion Scotland is played out for fishing. I shall go to Norway next year; and I don't know that Norway is not as bad."

Martingale picked up a couple of good fish that evening and so became a little more cheerful. He had been shut up by himself for his two weeks and was consequently very full of conversation, which was all about the great object of his life—sport. Before dinner ended he had nearly driven old Mr. Prendergast frantic.

"Seems a queer old gentleman," he said the next morning, as Gibbs and he started on a smoking constitutional down the strath. "Not much of a sportsman, I fancy." Gibbs thought he was not much of a sportsman.

"The daughter is a fine-looking girl, though she doesn't look as if she *was* his daughter. I say, old chap, you had better be careful what you are doing; these are rather dangerous quarters for a susceptible man like you!"

When Gibbs learnt that his friend was to honour him with a visit he resolved to be most careful in not giving him a hint as to the state of his—Gibbs's—feelings. Good fellow as Johnny Martingale was, he was hardly a sympathetic person to confide in when the question at issue concerned a woman. As Quakers have been held to be incapable judges as to the morality of any particular war because they are against *all* wars, so Martingale's opinions as to any particular woman were worthless, for he was against *all* women—so far as matrimony was concerned. So Gibbs made this resolve. But instead of fighting shy altogether of the subject and confining the conversation entirely to sport—which he might very easily have done—he allowed himself to hang about on the borderland, as it were, of the matter, and before dinner time that Sunday the soldier knew pretty well what there was to know. In a solemn voice, and with many shakes of his curly head, he pointed out to his friend the danger of the path which lay before him. He explained—and really to listen to him one would have thought he had been married himself half-a-dozen times—all the disadvantages of matrimony.

"Marriage," said this philosopher, climbing on to the top of a stone gate-pillar, and emphasizing his remarks with many waves of his pipe, "is a most serious matter." Gibbs climbed on to the top of the other pillar, and, facing his mentor, acknowledged the fact.

"You see," said Martingale, "so long as a man is a bachelor he knows pretty well how he stands; but it is quite a different thing when he's married. He doesn't know then what his income is or which are his own friends and which are his wife's. He can't go off at a moment's notice—as we do—when even he wants; he has to consider this and that and everything. Look at old Bullfinch! I assure you he'd no more dare to pack up his things and come here or go to town for a fortnight without his wife than he dare jump off London Bridge."

"Well, but," objected Gibbs, "Lady Bullfinch is such a caution! You don't often come across a woman like that."

"Don't you be too sure of that! She's married; they all lie low till they're married, and then they make up for lost time."

"I don't think Miss Prendergast would ever be like Lady Bullfinch," said Gibbs.

"I'm not so sure of that—you never can tell. She's the son of her father—she's the daughter of her father I mean—and look at him! How would you like to have that old customer about your house for the next twenty years?"

"Ah," said Gibbs, glad to be able now to defend his conduct from the charge of rashness; "I've thought about that! You know he's a great beetle-hunter and ornithologist? Well, I would try to get him some appointment in an out-of-the-way part of the world to collect them, and write home reports about them. The government are always glad to get hold of a scientific man; and lots of people would help me, I know. I dare say your brother would?"

"Well, I dare say Bill would do what he could," said Martingale. "And where would you send him to?"

"Oh, I thought of some hot country at first; but any out-of-the-way place would do. Oonalaska is a fine, healthy, distant hunting-ground, I believe; I was reading about it lately."

"Oona—what?" inquired Martingale.

"Oonalaska—where the wolves are."

"Wolves—what wolves?"

"Oh! you know—the wolf's long howl—that place."

"Oh!" said Martingale. "And why do you send him there,—to be eaten up?"

"No, no," said Gibbs. "But when Samela and I are married—I mean *if* Samela and I are married—it would be a great nuisance to have him trotting in and out whenever he liked; and I believe this place is pretty hard to get away from when you are once there."

"Is there anything for him to hunt?" inquired Martingale.

"Sure to be—in the summer; of course in the winter he would have to vegetate—and write his reports."

"Well, there may be something in it," said the soldier, pondering over this summary way of getting rid of a possible father-in-law. "If the old boy is willing to go, it is all right; but I rather think you mayn't find it so easy to pack him off to such a place—he mayn't care about wolves and vegetation."

"He may not," said Gibbs, with rather a downcast face.

"I say, my dear fellow," cried Martingale, nearly falling off his pedestal in his eagerness, "don't you be led in o this! You don't know what it is! She has no money, you think? You won't be able to get away from home at all, and what will you do all the time? Go out walks with Samela, eh? You'll get tired of that in no time."

"Oh, hang it!" interposed Gibbs, "other people do it and seem fairly happy. I think there's something in a domestic—"

"Oh, I know what you mean!" interrupted Martingale. "The curtains drawn, and the kettle boiling over, and the cat sitting on the hob, and you and Samela in one armchair in front of it. You can't always be doing that; and what will you do when all kinds of things break out in the house at the same time?—measles, chicken-pox, small-pox—"

"You had better add scarlet fever and cholera. People don't have these sort of things all at the same time."

"Don't they? You ask my old aunt; she'll tell you. She had scarlet fever and measles and whooping-cough and erysipelas when she was seven years old—all at the same time. Think of your doctor's bills! Think of all the servants giving notice at once! Think of the cold mutton and the rice pudding at two o'clock! And not being able to smoke in the house! And your horses sold! And a donkey-cart for the kids! And think of all their clothes! Oh, Gibbs, my dear fellow, for goodness sake don't be so rash!"

Gibbs shifted uneasily on his gate-post. "It sounds an awful prospect," he murmured, with a very uneasy countenance.

"Nothing to what the reality would be," retorted the philosopher. "Then there was a long pause, the two worthies sat in silence on their pillars, disconsolately swinging their legs."

"Come, I say, Johnny," said the would-be wooer at last, a sudden light breaking in upon him. "It's all very well for you to sit and preach away like that; how do you know so much about women?"

"Because I've studied them," replied his mentor sententiously.

"I should like to know when. You fish all the spring; you shoot four days a week from August to February, and then hunt till the fishing begins again. I'm sure I don't know how you square your colonel. When do you find time to study them?"

"Ah, that's it," said Martingale, looking very wise. "There's a good gap between the hunting and fishing time, and then there are two days a week over, not counting Sundays; and all the time

you devote to those musty books I occupy in studying the female woman."

"Then you've studied a bad sample. I know a lot of men who have married, and I can't at this moment think of one who has had all those diseases you reckoned up, or who eats cold mutton, or who doesn't smoke in the house if he wants to."

"Can't you? Look at old Framshaw."

"Well,—but Mrs. Framshaw is a perfect Gorgon."

"They nearly all turn out Gorgons when they've got you; and it doesn't follow that when a man says he doesn't care about smoking that he is telling the truth; the wives make them say that. I'll tell you what, Gibbs, if I was you I'd be off."

"Do you mean at once?"

"I do," said the councillor, looking very solemn.

"Oh, hang it!" exclaimed Gibbs, "I can't go till the end of my month."

"Look here," said his friend, earnestly considering, "why not go to my place?"

"But your water won't carry two rods."

"No, it won't. Well, now, supposing I came over here?"

"What! in my place?"

"Well, it would let you away."

"You abominable old humbug!" cried Gibbs, jamming his stick into the other's waistcoat, and nearly sending him over backwards. "I see what you're after! You want Samela for yourself, and my fishing as a little amusement into the bargain! I'll see you somewhere first!"

When these two debaters on matrimony came in to dinner they found that they were to be deprived of the society of their only lady—Samela had a headache and was not visible. Perhaps Mr. Prendergast had not looked forward with much pleasure to his dinner that night, but if he had known what he was to go through while it was taking place, we think he would have followed the example of his daughter without so good a reason. The conversation soon turned on sport, as it was sure to do when Martingale made one of the party. If it had been earlier, hunting would have been the topic to be discussed; if it had been later, shooting—now fishing held the field.

"Ever fished in Sutherland?" inquired Martingale of the professor.

"No, sir, I have not," replied he.

"Fishing is getting played out in Scotland, I think," went on Johnny.

"It is possible," said the old gentleman. "The fact is of the less moment to me, as I never intend to fish in Scotland."

"Ah," said the other, who could hardly conceive of any one not wishing to fish somewhere. "I dare say you are right; Norway is better, but Norway is not what it used to be."

"Probably not," grunted the tormented one.

"Oh, no. Newfoundland is better, but the mosquitoes are very bad there—eat you up; and then there's that place"—looking at Gibbs—"Oonoolooloo—what is it?"

"Oonalaska," supplied Gibbs, wishing his friend would be quiet.

"Oh, yes. Oonalaska, a fine place for sport that!" thinking he would do the latter a good turn. "Fine place for—beetle-hunting"—suddenly remembering more about the old man's proclivities.

"I never heard of the place," said the old man, staring across the table at Martingale.

"Where the wolves are," said Johnny, trying to help him out of the difficulty.

"Wolves!" ejaculated the professor.

"Long wolves, you know," explained Johnny.

"What do you mean by long wolves, sir?" demanded Mr. Prendergast.

"Faith, I don't quite know myself," confessed the other. "Easier to shoot, I suppose. Some one once complained of rabbits being too short—eight inches too short. Now, these wolves are of the long breed, they—"

Mr. Prendergast looked at Gibbs as much as to say: "You are responsible for the introduction of this lunatic," and then glared savagely at his *vis-à-vis*. But the soldier sat with an imperturbable look on his handsome face, twisting his moustache, and quite unconscious of having said anything out of the way.

Here Gibbs interposed. "He's mixing a lot of things up. You great owl," he said, glaring angrily at his friend, "what are you talking about? There's no fishing in Oonalaska, and no beetles—and no wolves, either," he added in desperation. Then the conversation drifted in another direction, and, as soon as he could, Mr. Prendergast made his escape.

"You played it rather rough on me, old man," said the soldier afterwards, "about that place."

"The old boy was getting angry," said Gibbs, "and besides, what I said was true. There *are* no beetles in Oonalaska; I have been looking up the authorities; it's too cold for them."

"Then you won't send your father-in-law there?" "I think not," said Gibbs. "We'll try to find a warmer place for him."

"Well, old chap," said Martingale, as he got into the dogcart the next morning, "if I can be of any help to you I will. You may rely on me; but if you have a crisis try and have it on a Saturday. I can always get away that day or Sunday; but I believe that the fish run better about this part of the month, and it might be difficult for me to leave them in the middle of the week, though, of course, if it was very important I would try to manage it." Then with a few last warnings the soldier climbed into his seat and drove off, having performed what he considered to be his mission.

The following day Samela was still invisible, and Gibbs spent his whole time on the river, fishing and communing with himself. The water was as usual in order, and there were plenty of fish up; a man had, as it were, only to put forth his hand and take them. But even a clean-run, inexperienced salmon will become uneasy when the fly and all the casting line fall in a lump on to his nose; and the best gut will go if the whole force of a powerful greenheart is used to rip it up from a rising fish. "He was thinking he was fishing for a shark, maist of the day," said Archie grimly, on his return to the inn that night. Gibbs lost fish and broke gut, and finally, when trying furiously to lash out an impossible line, got his hook fast in an alder behind him and broke the middle joint of his rod. Then he gave up his paraphernalia to the disgusted Archie, and slowly sauntered home by himself. Out of chaos he had at last evolved order, and his mind was made up. He would *not* make any attempt to woo Samela, *not* watch her sketching, or ask her to tea; above all, *not* give her an opportunity of sitting and looking fascinating in his armchair. In coming to this conclusion he was influenced by the facts, that he knew nothing about her and her father, that he could not afford to marry, and, finally, that he was not at all sure that he was in love with her. A good deal of what Martingale had said he knew to be nonsense; but still, if a man will talk enough nonsense some of it will find a home for itself, especially if it is poured forth on a Sunday morning by a man, looking as wise as Solomon and Rhadamanthus combined, perched on a gate-post.

"Of course I will be perfectly pleasant and courteous to her," thought Gibbs; "but I'll take care it doesn't go beyond that; I am sure it is the right thing to do." And having so determined his course he became cool and almost comfortable again.

Samela joined her father at dinner. Her paleness might be attributed to her indisposition; but was it due also to her headache that she seemed disinclined to talk to Gibbs, disinclined to laugh as she used to laugh, to inquire about his sport, and to ask what funny speeches Archie might have made that day? Had she, too, been making up her mind?

Gibbs had been looking forward to quite another meeting than this. He had anticipated some difficulty in gradually withdrawing the light of his countenance from Miss Prendergast; he had thought it quite possible that his courage might be rather put to the test when he had to meet her pleasant smile with one just a little less pleasant, and show her, gently but firmly, that he only looked upon her as a casual acquaintance. It was only a strong confidence in his moral capabilities which enabled him to prepare for the contest he expected. But now it was *she* who was cool, *she* who seemed indifferent, *she* who appeared resolved to treat him

as she might treat a gentleman, whom she had met yesterday, and to-morrow was going to say good-bye to. Never a whit had Gibbs calculated on all this; and when he tried some small blandishments—for the strong, determined man was already beginning to find the ground weak below him, and his moral courage slowly oozing out—it was still the same, they had no effect at all.

Before dinner was half over Gibbs abandoned himself to gloomy forebodings. He forgot all about his good resolves—they became to him as if they had never been—thin phantoms which had never really occupied his mind. He cast about for some cause for this change. Had some bird of the air brought to her ears the somewhat free conversation which had been carried on about herself and her parent the day before? Had those sagacious-looking, black-faced sheep, or some roe crouching in the fern close at hand, delivered a message to her as the modern representative of their old mistress Diana? No; he thought it was more likely that Martingale was the cause. He was a fine looking man; he was rich; moreover, his brother was a peer, and Johnny bore the little prefix to his name which is sometimes supposed to carry weight with some girls. What a viper! thought Gibbs; and how indecent of the girl to show her feelings so soon!

The dinner crawled along, and at last Samela rose, and with a little bow to Gibbs left the room. And then another astonishing thing happened! The old man became—not genial, for that was not perhaps in his nature, but—as little disagreeable as he could manage to be. He pulled up his chair to the fire, asked Gibbs if he was not going to have a little more whiskey, and said it was a cold night in quite a friendly tone.

"Can it be possible," thought Gibbs, as he abstractedly poured out for himself a very strong glass of Clynelish, "that this ancient antiquarian knows his daughter's feelings, and is showing his compassion for me in this way?" And he looked with the greatest abhorrence at the professor, who forthwith began to give a disjointed account of his adventures on the hill that day. Night brought no comfort to Gibbs. He anticipated a sleepless one; but perhaps his hard day's fishing in the high wind, perhaps the agitation in his mind, perhaps even the glass of whiskey aforesaid stood his friends. After tossing about in a restless way for twenty minutes he dropped into a deep and dreamless sleep.

The following day things were as they had been, only worse. Samela avoided him, and the day after they were no better. The only ray of light thrown on Gibbs was from the corrugated countenance of the old professor, whose friendship seemed to increase every hour. Then Gibbs became unhappy, he lost half the fish he hooked, and he jumped upon Archie in a way that made that worthy's hair stand on end.

"She's heuked him," the latter whispered to Jane (he had acquired somehow an exaggerated idea of his master's wealth and importance), "and now she's playing him, and he's gey sick wi't, I can tell you; but whether he will stand the strain o't, I canna say." Archie was nothing if not cautious. "I'd like fine to see you trying that game on wi' me, Jean, ma lass!" and then the colloquy ended in the usual way.

Now, it happened one night, after dressing for dinner, that Gibbs was going down the passage, when, as he was passing Mr. Prendergast's room, he heard two words spoken in a low, passionate voice. They were only two words—"I cannot;" but there was an intensity in the way Samela uttered them which bit itself, as it were, into the brain of the hearer. Our fisherman had felt little scruple when chance put him in a position to listen for a moment to Archie's plainly expressed opinions, but he was no eavesdropper; he would have cut off his right hand sooner than have stood to try to hear what followed. He hurried down into the dining-room, marvelling what could cause the somewhat proud and independent girl to speak in such a fashion,—the horror and despair in her voice rang in his ears still. Mr. Prendergast soon followed, and announced that his daughter was again too unwell to come to dinner; then, as had been his habit lately, he inquired with some interest about

his companion's sport, and proceeded to give a long description of the difference which exists between a moth and a butterfly.

After the old man had disappeared Gibbs put on a cape and went out down the glen. It was a wild, wet night; the water was running here and there over the road, and he had to splash through it; the wind howled over the unsheltered moor and drove the rain smartly in his face; but the turmoil suited his humour, and he was glad it was not calm and fine. For he saw now—he seemed to see plainly, and he wondered how before he could have been so blind—that the piteous "I cannot" referred to himself. That old professor had no doubt been making inquiries as to his—Gibbs's—means, had found them satisfactory, and now discovered that the girl was the obstacle, and he was showing her that she would have to follow his judgment in the matter and not her own wishes.

Poor Gibbs! Never till that night had his pride received so great a shock. He was not a man who in any way plumed himself on his influence with women, he had never in the smallest degree considered himself to be a lady-killer; but so far his acquaintance and experience with the gentler sex had been pleasant and easy. He had made many friends among women, hardly, he thought, any enemies. And now, without his having anything to say in the matter, he was being thrust on an unwilling girl; *how* unwilling he was to some extent able to measure by the exceeding bitterness of the cry he had heard. If spoken words have any significance, then her feelings against him must be strong indeed.

The following morning Gibbs received a telegram, asking him to go that night to Inverness. The affairs of a minor for whom he was a trustee were in a somewhat complicated state; it was a question whether they ought not to be thrown into the court of chancery, and the matter had to be decided one way or the other at once. The London lawyer happened to be in Scotland at the time, and so offered to come as far as Inverness; indeed, was on his way there when the message was sent, and Gibbs felt there was no course open to him but to go there also.

There was a wedding in the strath that day and all horses were in great demand; so to suit the convenience of his landlord he sent his portmanteau down early in the day to the station, saying that he himself would walk. As he came down ready for the journey and passed the door of the sitting-room, Mr. Prendergast and his daughter came out, the latter in her hat and jacket.

"I am sure," said the old man, "that you will be kind enough to escort my daughter so far as the post-office. I have a foreign telegram to send of great importance which I cannot trust to a messenger, and some inquiries will have to be made about the place it is going to. I can't go myself owing to my sprain" (got on the hill the previous day), "and Mr. Macdonald tells me that a trap will be calling at the post-office in an hour's time which will bring her back."

Gibbs listened to this long harangue without believing in it. It seemed to him to be an obvious excuse for forcing on a *tête-à-tête* walk between Samela and himself. If a telegram really had to be sent, it could be sealed up, and the inquiry made by letter. He looked, while the father was speaking, at the girl, and he was greatly struck by the change in her face and manner. She was very pale, and seemed nervous and hesitating, as if she wished to say something and did not dare; a great contrast to the blithe lady of a week ago. Gibbs looked inquiringly at her, thinking she might make some excuse herself, but she kept her eyes fixed on her father; so he had no alternative but to say that he should be only too happy to be of any service; and then the two passed out of the lighted room into the twilight road.

His first feeling was one of hot anger towards Mr. Prendergast. "What a brute he must really be," he thought, "to force the girl to take this walk with me to-night when it is quite plain she doesn't want to come. How hateful it must be to her!" A week ago he would have been delighted to have had the opportunity of such a walk; he could have at any rate chatted away in a natural

manner and amused his companion; and now he racked his brains to think of common-places with which to pass the time.

Samela answered his remarks with monosyllables. He thought it was useless to try to force on a conversation, and for a long time they walked on in silence; but at last this silence became oppressive to him and almost unbearable. They had come to a woody bit of the road which lay in deep shadow, the moonbeams not yet being strong enough to force themselves through the firs. Here Samela stopped suddenly. Gibbs thought she must have dropped something. "What is it?" he asked, going close to her. It is not often that one person can plainly hear the beating of another's heart; he heard it then. A feeling of tenderness and sympathy, such as he had never known before, came over him, and—without taking a thought of what he was doing—he put his arm round her waist. "Samela!" he whispered.

For one moment—for one moment—and the remembrance of that short passage of time will thrill him till he dies—he believed that the pressure was returned. Then she started from his grasp, and sprang from him half across the road; her breath came short and quick, and she seemed to shake as a patient does in an ague-fit.

"Samela!" he cried again, frightened at her intense agitation. But she could not speak, and the thought ran through his brain that he had been ungenerous in taking advantage of her as he had done.

"You will forgive me?" he asked gently. "I will never offend you so again. I did not know that you disliked me—so much."

"Oh no! no! no!" cried the girl, and her wailing voice would have told him, if there had been any need of telling, whose cry it was he had heard in the room at the inn. "It is not that. Go on! go on! You must go on! I must go back!" She pointed forwards and then herself turned back.

"You cannot go back alone," exclaimed Gibbs; "I must go with you. Nay," he went on, as she shook her head and quickened her step, "I will not speak a word, but just walk behind you. You will trust me to do that?" But still she waved him off; he advanced towards her and then she began to run.

"Good Heavens!" cried Gibbs in an agony of despair, "what have I done to frighten her like this!"

"Do not follow me!" she implored; "I beg you!" Then John Gibbs stood still in the middle of the road and watched the shadowy figure till it was lost in the blackness beyond.

Our fisherman was in a poor state to consider an intricate business matter the next day. The lawyer wondered at his absence of mind, that such a one should have been chosen for so important a trust. But at last what had to be settled was settled, and the afternoon found him hurrying back as fast as the Highland Railway would carry him. He experienced in Inverness one of those minor calamities which are not very much in themselves, but which, when great misfortunes happen to be absent, come and do their best to embitter our lives. In a word, he lost his bunch of keys and had to have his portmanteau cut open. The loss was to him inexplicable. He always carried them in his coat pocket, and he had felt them there after leaving the inn, rattling against his pipe. Now, as may easily be imagined, his mind was too heavily burdened with a real sorrow to give more than a passing thought to this minor trouble.

Gibbs looked forward with great apprehension to his return to the inn. He dreaded meeting Samela; he could not imagine on what footing they could be now; he thought that she must have resented his conduct to her the more because he was, as it were, her guardian that night; perhaps she imagined that the whole affair had been arranged between her father and himself. At all events he felt it would be very difficult to know how to carry himself before her. And still, at the bottom of his heart, the man had some kind of a feeling that all might come right yet.

The landlord was waiting for him at the station, and as they drove up the glen was eloquent on the

glory of the wedding which had taken place the previous day. Such a feast! so many carriages! so many presents! and such a good-looking bride!

"How is the professor's foot?" asked Gibbs, who could take no interests in brides that day, and was anxious to find out if the landlord had noticed anything wrong.

"There's no muckle the matter with his foot, I'm thinking," replied the landlord; "at any rate he's gone."

"Gone!" cried Gibbs.

"Ay," replied the landlord, "he is that. He went off in a great hurry to catch the first train this morning."

"And his daughter, is she gone?" gasped Gibbs.

"Gone, too," answered the driver cheerfully, evidently enjoying the sensation he was causing. "Indeed, I understand it was on her account they went; he told me that she was not well, and that she must see a London doctor at once." And as the worthy man said this he turned round and looked hard at his companion.

This intelligence was a terrible blow to Gibbs.

The place looked sadly deserted and lonely. He could not fish that evening; he went to the rock where Samela had made her sketch and stared long at the pool; then he went back to the house and took out her handiwork; he felt some queer sort of satisfaction in touching things that she had touched. So short a time had passed since her joyous presence had lighted up that room; how different it seemed them! He could not bear the sight of his books.

The next day he fished, and came to a resolution, which was to go south at once; his month was nearly up, and he had lost all pleasure in the river. The landlord understood something of the cause which lost him his guest, and indeed far and wide the gossips were at work. Accounts varied, but all agreed that Gibbs had behaved extremely badly and had lost his bride.

He had left some money in the big chest, and it was necessary to get it out. It was then for the first time that he remembered the loss of his keys. He tried to pick the lock but failed, and Archie, who was called in, had no greater success; so they had to force lid. Gibbs put the money in his pocket, and then stood gazing at the little collection of volumes which had given him so much pleasure; now it pained him to look at them.

Of a sudden he saw something which made him start, and for a moment disbelieve the sight of his eyes. There, on the top of a book, lay his bunch of keys, the keys which he had had in his hand the night he walked down to the station! He picked them up and examined them, as if they could tell him something themselves. They were quite bright and fresh. By what legerdemain or *diablerie* had those keys found a resting-place there? It was an unfathomable mystery—a mystery which it seemed to him could never be explained.

Abstractedly he took up the calf binding, remembering as he did so whose hand had touched

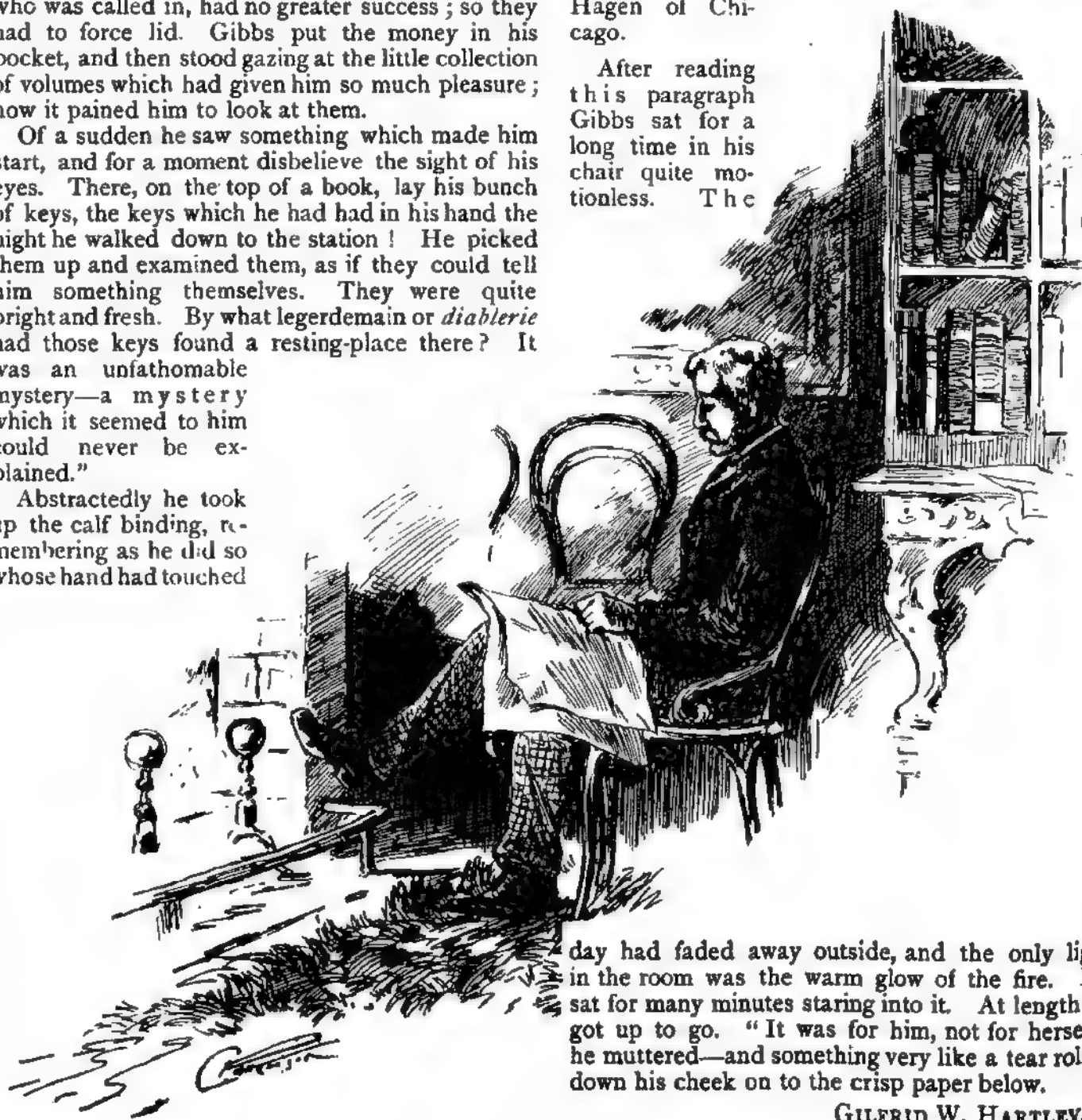
last. It seemed strangely light; he quickly opened it, and then as quickly let it fall—the quarto was gone!

* * * * *

Some five years after the events we have been at so much pains to relate, John Gibbs was sitting alone in the reading-room of a northern county club; he was just putting down the *Times*, when the heading of a paragraph in a corner caught his eye. It was as follows:—

"HIGH PRICES FOR BOOKS IN AMERICA.—On Friday last the library of the late John Palmer of New York was disposed of by public auction. This collection was especially rich in early works relating to America, in histories of the English counties, and in early dramatic works. Mr. Palmer was well known for his enterprise and energy. In company with his daughter, and travelling often under assumed names, he searched all Europe for rare books; no journey was too long for him, or price too high, if anything he wished to add to his collection had to be secured. . . . Under a somewhat acrid exterior lay a kind and sympathetic core. By his death many of the great booksellers of London and Paris lose a munificent customer. . . . There were fine copies of the second, third, and fourth folios—curiously enough the first was wanting. But the great glory of the collection were the quartos, which have been allowed to be, by those best qualified to judge, by far the finest in America—perhaps barring those in the British Museum, and at Chatsworth and Althorp—the finest in the world. [Then followed a long list of prices.] The greatest excitement was reached when a copy of 'Love's Labour Lost' was produced by the auctioneer. No one seems to have known of the existence of this copy in the world. Not only was it in beautiful condition and perfectly uncut, but the last ten leaves were *unopened*—a state which is, we believe, quite unique. It measures [so many inches]. It was enclosed in a magnificent crimson morocco case, without lettering on it, made for another work by the English Bedford. This most precious volume was sold for \$3,900, and was bought by Mr. Cornelius Van der Hagen of Chicago.

After reading this paragraph Gibbs sat for a long time in his chair quite motionless. The



day had faded away outside, and the only light in the room was the warm glow of the fire. He sat for many minutes staring into it. At length he got up to go. "It was for him, not for herself," he muttered—and something very like a tear rolled down his cheek on to the crisp paper below.

GILFRID W. HARTLEY.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES



THE international cricket match did not bring any great amount of glory to the Canadians, but at the same time the defeat was by no means an ignominious one, and our people fairly well held their own. There is one section of country in which there was no great sorrow expressed at the result. That was in the vicinity of Ottawa. The Ottawa club are certainly putting up a very desirable article of cricket, and when they were overlooked entirely at the beginning there seemed to be some excuse for them giving vent to their feelings in the press. However, all is well that ends well, and if the Ontario Cricket Association learn the lesson of not being quite so local in their choice of a team the defeat may yet serve a good purpose. The practice of having international matches is one of those good things that we could well afford to have more of, and it is to be hoped that it will be a long time before there is another break in the series. The Gentlemen of America went away delighted with their experience and imbued with a reverence for Canadian hospitality. The opening day of the match was propitious and the result close enough to satisfy anybody, although the score was rather more diminutive than might have been reasonably expected. A difference of only five runs on the first innings was decidedly encouraging to the Canadian players, and they were particularly fortunate in disposing of two such bats as Patterson and Clark for duck's eggs. Then two more batsmen retire, and the score is still only five runs for four wickets. The crease was deceptive and treacherous and the visitors had the worst of it, but J. Patterson was making runs and piled up 32 to his credit before he was bowled by Dickey, and the score stood at 66. Walsh was the only other player who got into double figures, and his tally was 13. The innings ended for 82 runs. The Canadians made a more promising start. The first 13 runs were at the expense of two wickets, and when 35 was put on the board four bats had been retired. Double figures in this innings were only obtained by Lyon and Terry, and then they were unlucky thirteens. At a few minutes before five o'clock the Americans send in J. H. Patterson and Thayer for the second innings, and six wickets are down for 77 runs when stumps are drawn. Next day the weather is of the beastliest kind and anything like cricket is impossible, so the visitors have things made as pleasant as possible for them, and on Wednesday the match is finished. Coates and Law, not out on Monday, take their position. The wicket was about as treacherous as on the first day, but the rain had made the field somewhat sodden and heavy and the runs did not come as quickly as expected. Careful play characterized the work of the Americans, but a singular feature was the ease with which the heavy hitters were dismissed, Bohlen going out for a cipher, while Geo. Patterson had only put five to his credit. Coates topped the score with 24, and "Joe" Patterson knocked together 22, making his total in both innings 54. The other double figures were Thayer 19 and Law 10, and the last wicket fell for 104 runs. The Canadians had 110 to make to win, but they were not equal to the occasion, and their second innings netted them four runs short of their first, the side retiring for 73, or a total in both innings of 150. This left the visitors victors with a majority of 36 runs, and once more international honours were carried off by the gentlemen from the City of Brotherly Love. Appended is the complete score:—

Gentlemen of America.	
First Innings.	Second Innings.
G. S. Patterson (capt.), b Wilson.....	b Dickey..... 5
J. H. Patterson, b Dickey 32	c Goldingham, b Gillespie..... 22
E. W. Clark, jr., b Wilson	c and b Dickey..... 1
F. H. Bohlen, c Wilson, b Hall.....	o not out..... 0
N. Etting, c Wilson, b Hall.....	o not out..... 0
S. Law, b Wilson.....	o not out..... 0
C. Coates, jr., c Kaizer, b Wilson.....	o not out..... 0
H. C. Thayer, b Hall.....	o not out..... 0
S. Welsh, jr., b Dickey.....	o not out..... 0
J. W. Muir, jr., c Dickey.....	o not out..... 0

b Hall..... 4	c Gillespie, b Hall..... 5
A. G. Thomson, not out.. 3	b Boyd b Gillespie..... 2
Byes 13, l.b. 2..... 15	Byes 7, l.b. 6..... 13
Total..... 82	Total..... 104

Fall of Wickets.										
1st innings...	0	0	5	5	22	22	31	66	72	82
2nd innings...	41	41	47	49	50	53	81	99	99	104

Bowling Analysis.								
First Innings.				Second Innings.				
	B	M.	R.	W.	B	M.	R.	W.
G. S. Patterson	145	13	28	6	160	13	39	3
Clark.....	125	14	31	3	153	16	26	6
Coates.....	35	5	2	1				
Welsh.....	15	1	4	0				
Patterson's total....	9	for 67	Average	7	44			
Clark's total.....	9	for 57	Average	6	33			
Patterson bowled one no-ball.								

Gentlemen of Canada	
First Innings.	Second Innings.
D. W. Saunders (apt.) b Patterson.....	o c G. S. Patterson, b Clark..... 0
F. A. Kaizer, c Law, b Patterson.....	1 b Patterson..... 5
F. W. Terry, b Clark.....	13 c J. H. Patterson, b Clark..... 20
P. C. Goldingham, c Etting, b Patterson.....	9 b Patterson..... 6
M. M. Boyd, c Etting, b Patterson.....	9 c Clark, b Patterson... 9
E. Hall, b Clark.....	1 b Clark..... 0
A. Gillespie, b Welsh....	6 c Middleton (sub) b Clark..... 1
G. G. Stockwell, b Patterson.....	7 c Etting, b Clark..... 10
G. S. Lyon, b Coates....	13 c J. H. Patterson, b Clark..... 1
F. S. Dickey, c Etting, b Clark.....	5 not out..... 13
W. R. Wilson, not out..	1 run out..... 0
Byes 5, l.b. 7.....	12 Byes 2, l.b. 5, no ball 1..... 8
Total.....	77 Total..... 73

Fall of Wickets.										
1st innings...	0	13	17	35	36	38	46	62	66	77
2nd innings...	12	14	33	45	45	46	48	53	71	73

Bowling Analysis.									
	First Innings				Second Innings.				
	B.	M	R.	W.	B.	M.	R.	W.	
Hall.....	105	6	26	4	60	3	31	2	
Wilson	70	8	32	4	15	0	15	0	
Dickey.....	19	0	9	2	50	5	23	2	
Gillespie.....	60	1	22	6	
Wilson's total.....	4	for 32	Average		8	00			
Hall's total.....	6	for 57	Average		9	50			
Dickey's tota	4	for 32	Average		8	00			
Gillespie's total	6	for 22	Average		3	66			

There was one chance in a long time to win the International for Canada, but what may be called local selfishness in the selection of a team lost it. Next time, perhaps, a few players may be selected from such clubs as the Ottawas, and the result may be different.

If the Canadians were disappointed in the International there were oil and wine poured into their wounds when the Toronto Cricket Club defeated the crack Germantown Club by six wickets, the match being completed on Saturday. The following score tells the tale:—

Germantown.	
First Innings.	Second Innings.
Patterson, G., c. Davenport, b Dickey.....	3 c and b Dickey..... 0
Bohlen, b Dickey.....	0 b Dickey..... 1
Clark, c Leigh, b McGivern.....	0 c Lang, b McGivern. 3
Givern.....	0 c Dickey..... 0
Etting, c Senkler, b Dickey.....	7 b Dickey..... 0
Law, std. Saunders, b McGivern.....	1 b McGivern..... 10
Thomson, b Dickey.....	3 b Dickey..... 1
Dickson, b Dickey.....	22 c McGivern, b Dickey 9
Biddle, b Dickey.....	13 b McGivern..... 0
Middleton, b McGivern..	4 c Leigh, b Dickey... 0
Currie, not out.....	0 not out..... 0
Van Rensselaer, b McGivern.....	0 c Davenport, b McGivern..... 3
Patterson, b McGivern..	0 c Leigh, b McGivern.. 0
Byes 6, l.b. 3.....	9 Byes 9, l.b. 2..... 11
Total.....	62 Total..... 38

Bowling Analysis.								
	First Innings.				Second Innings.			
	B.	M.	R.	W.	B.	M.	R.	W.
Clark.....	99	8	24	3	55	5	14	2
Patterson.....	70	6	20	2	57	10	3	3
Law.....	60	2	29	5				

Toronto.	
First Innings.	Second Innings.
Saunders, c Thomas, b Law.....	15 b Clark..... 5
Davenport, c Van Rensselaer, b Patterson.....	5 c Middleton, b Clark.. 0
Goldingham, b Clark....	29 did not bat.
Leigh, c Currie, b Law... 2	c Law, b Patterson.... 1
Lang, b Clark..... 6	not out..... 3
Fleury, b Clark..... 0	c Middleton, b Patterson..... 1
Jones, run out..... 2	not out..... 7
Collins, b Law..... 4	did not bat.
Senkler, c Thomson, b Law.....	0 did not bat.
Dickey, not out..... 7	c Law, b Patterson.... 0
McGivern, b Patterson.. 2	did not bat.
Bacon, b Patterson..... 1	
Extras..... 6	Extras..... 5
Total.....	79 Total (5 wickets). 22

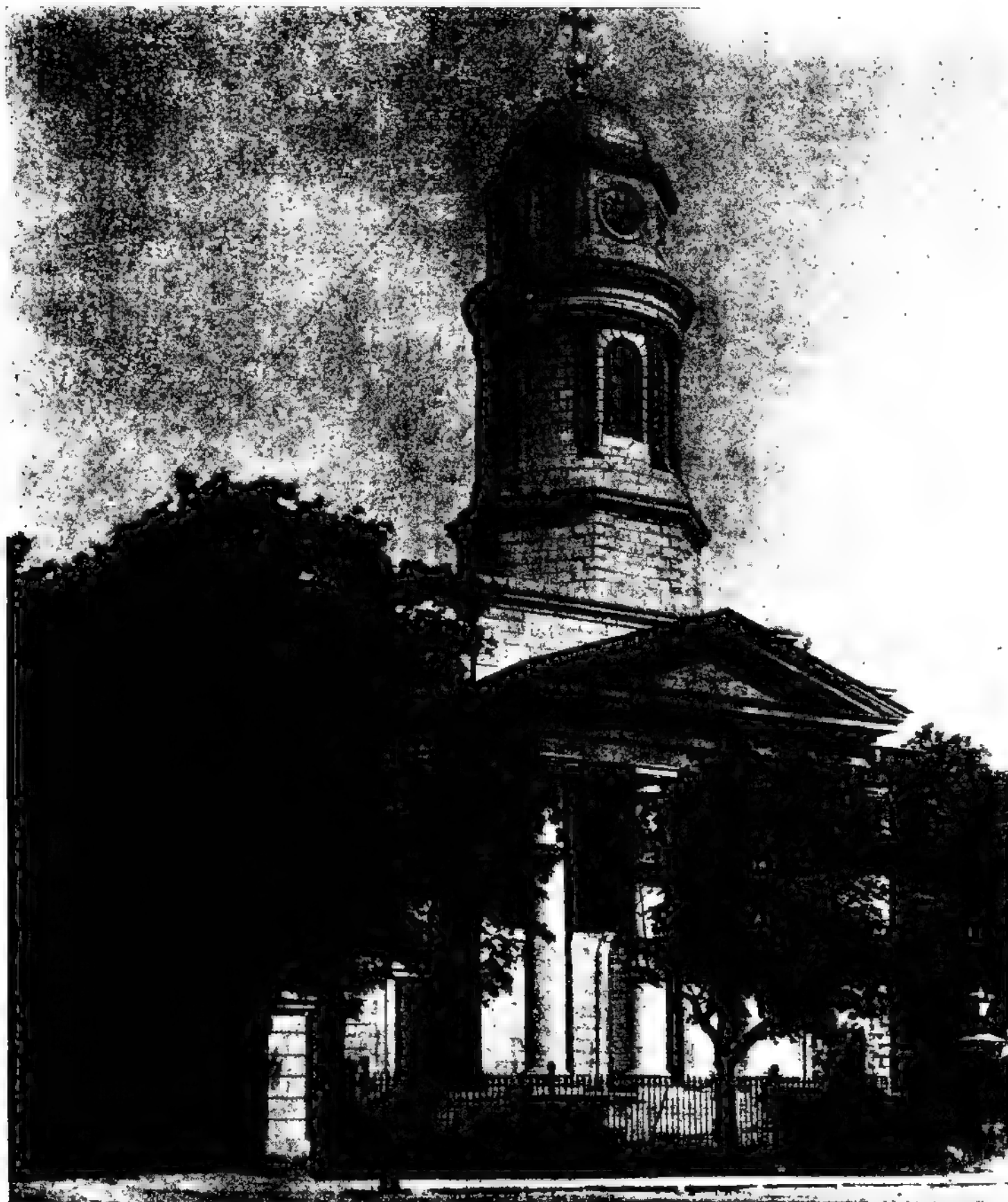
Bowling Analysis.								
First Innings.				Second Innings.				
	B	M.	R.	W.	B	M.	R.	W.
Dickey.....	110	12	27	6	65	9	11	6
McGivern....	93	10	17	5	62	3	17	5
Leigh.....	15	0	9	0				

The West seems hardly able to hold its own with the East when it comes to the question of lacrosse. On Friday last the Cornwallis, in a forcible manner, demonstrated this fact to the Athletics of St. Catharines, who are the bright particular stars in the Canadian Lacrosse Association. The St. Kitts people were confident that they could easily retain the championship, but when it came to play they were simply not in it at all. The Factory Town had sent up the strongest aggregation it could muster, and it was a walk over. Four straight games was the score, and St. Kitts thinks now that there are still a few lacrosse players left in the effete East.

The annual championship meeting of the League of American Wheelmen, at Detroit, was held last week and was very successful as far as attendance went, over 8,000 spectators being present. The track was a clay one and not by any means fast, so that records did not go with the celerity that was expected, and then again there were other disappointments. The New York Athletic Club, which is decidedly long on the wheeling end of the market, was well represented, and the entry list was a tremendous one. But did the entrants start? Not in very large numbers. There seemed to be a tacit understanding that it was loyalty to club first and personal advantage afterward; yet it is not half so interesting to the public. It is a good idea to drop out of a race and let a club comrade win, but it seems hardly the correct thing, even if some of the great clubs set the example. The weather on the second day was so bad that such a thing as racing was entirely out of the question, and the result was that about half the events had to be postponed. They will likely be divided up among the meetings to be held at Peoria, Hartford, Providence and Philadelphia. The pneumatic tires were out in force, and it was plainly made evident that they are the wheels of the future, until some other genius makes some other improvement. On a pneumatic tandem Banker and Brinker broke the half mile record, doing the distance in 1.08, considerably better than 1.13 3-5 of last year. A good thing done at the Board meeting was the decision arrived at that pneumatic tires should not be penalized, and that they should start even with the solid ones in the future. Following is a summary of the winners:—

Mile novice—L. W. Schimmel, Detroit; time, 3.08 3-5.
One mile ordinary—W. L. Marks, Detroit; time, 3.06 2-5.
Half-mile ordinary—A. A. Zimmerman, N.Y.A.C.; time, 1.18 3-5.
Mile safety—G. R. Barrett, Chicago; time, 2.32 1-5.
Half-mile open—A. A. Zimmerman, N.Y.A.C.; time, 1.20 2-5.
Mile, L.A.U. championship safety—W. J. Murphy, N.Y.A.C.; time, 2.56 3-5.
Quarter mile—W. Taxis, Philadelphia; time, 36 4-5.
Three mile ordinary—Zimmerman and Gethens tied; tossed up for place and Gethens won; time, 9.9 4-5.
One mile handicap ordinary—E. W. Ballard, Chicago; time, 2.31 4-5.

The Canadian representatives were few and won no first honours. Carman, of Woodstock, finished third in the half mile open, twenty yards behind the leader. There is one consolation still coming to us, and that is that at the meeting of the Montreal Bicycle Club several of the cracks have promised to enter.



ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, KINGSTON.
(Exterior.)

CANADIAN CHURCHES, X.



TORONTO, July 18, 1891.



THE National Educational Convention of the United States is the event of the week. We are flooded with visitors, and if there were a few college gowns among the throng, Toronto would resemble very closely a collegiate town in convocation week.

There is a subdued tone of excitement evident on the streets, plainly indicative of some unusual event, but the bearing of the crowds is unmistakably that of a learned profession. This is not to be wondered at, seeing that the *creme de la creme* of the teaching profession of both countries, the United States and Canada, is here assembled.

Much intelligent interest is shown, not only in the work of the convention, for which every preparation has been made, and in some exceedingly fine exhibitions of work done in the Public Schools, but in the city itself, in Canada, and Canadian institutions; and approbation is by no means stinted.

These International gatherings cannot fail to help the national life of both peoples. Human nature is too conservative to allow of any danger arising to the autonomy of either from free intercourse with the other. We admire what is worthy in the other, but if it comes to a question of fusion, we all look at our own with most approving eyes, and though we should be bound to admit the superiority of the

other in important particulars, we turn one glance homeward and cry "A poor thing, sir, but *mine own*."

At a few points the star-spangled banner is hung out, but as a rule Toronto has not troubled herself to make any display of bunting. The flags over our schools speak for us.

* * *

I wish I could transport all your readers, dear ILLUSTRATED, to where I have been since I wrote to you last—"beyond the railway," as a companion remarked.

Such a statement sounds uncanny in these days of railways, telegraphs, telephones, 'and things,' but it is nevertheless true that the traveller cannot get to Bobcaygeon except by boat, driving, or on shanks's pony. Lindsay is its nearest railway station, thence you take the boat, a very comfortable, steady and fairly swift boat too, and steam up the Scugog river, through acres and acres of drowned lands, caused by the building of the Trent Valley canal—into Sturgeon Lake, a lovely sheet of water, both shores of which



ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, KINGSTON.
(Pulpit and Lectern.)

CANADIAN CHURCHES, X.

are visible all the way, and steep your soul in beauty. Lovely woods of maple, oak, and elm, lime, birch, and balsam, cloth all the landscape, and among the rolling hills are spread beautiful farms with crops that drive away the very idea of want, and what is best of all they are not mortgaged as I took the trouble to enquire, but belong to the farmer who lives comfortably in the large brick, stone, or clap board house, surrounded by its orchards, and flanked by big barns and extensive sheds for cattle. And they are fine cattle, too, and excellent horses of good breed. Yet this is not mainly an agricultural district but a lumberer's paradise, and at many points in the river and lake, wide stretches of timber booms, each with its accompanying little shanty, speak of another source of Canadian wealth. That field of logs lying so quiescent upon the lake is on its way to Quebec. From thence whither, who can tell?

But I did not visit Bobcaygeon from Lindsay but from Fenelon Falls, where the waters of lovely Cameron Lake are pouring over the dams that, here intercepting the Falls, form a splendid waterpower once utilized in the lumber mills now lying almost in ruins—being in chancery I believe—on both hands. Moreover, here are splendid locks of the Trent Valley canal, built of stone quarried in this region; a stone very like Queenston limestone. At the foot of these locks is a rough wharf, and there I embarked on a very wet morning, for a trip to 'Caygeon. Not on a boat, however, though we were indebted to the handsome little Ada Ethel for our motive power, but on a scow, a large wide, two-decked flat-bottomed boat with no more paint on it than its usual prosaic life of carrying timber and supplies warranted, but a very easy going, quiet sort of a vehicle tied to the clean white little tug by a rope cable; and so we were pulled down the Fenelon River, between steep, shady banks

beautified by silver birches, blue bells, and many another graceful growth, out into Sturgeon Lake.

The river and lake were calm as a pool, nevertheless I have every confidence that if our Atlantic liners would only pull scows their passengers would not know sea-sickness. How the cable—or indeed the scow would act in an Atlantic gale I do not prophesy. On the way we had to call at Sandy Point for passengers, and at Sturgeon Point for more. The latter is a typical summer resort. It is always cool, the natural trees are of the old forest, there is no nonsense of dressing three or four times a day. Supplies are brought on the boat every day from Lindsay, and boating and bathing are both more than possible, though there is very little beach. There are a good many handsome cottages, owned chiefly by Toronto and Lindsay people, and a good hotel and cheap rates. The hotel is largely patronized by people from Buffalo, Rochester and the South.

Then the tug screams, the scow steers off and the next stopping place is our destination, Bobcaygeon. This also is a resort. A fine hotel, the Rockland House, stands at the corner of the principal street—there is only one—close to the swing bridge. With lake, river, woodland, and woods where a bear is occasionally shot, the true tourist has all the ingredients for enjoyment at hand, and for the pedestrian there are excellent and long roads. All the roads in this beautiful district are excellent, there is so much gravel and stone, indeed you would say the soil of Bobcaygeon was all stone, for it lies in great flags all over, except, as in other neighbouring parts, where a bottom filled with splendid white cedars, each a picture in itself, gives a chance of good black loam for pots and surface gardening. Notwithstanding this difficulty the Bobcaygeon people grow lots of gay flowers and decorate their houses with hanging baskets freely.

Through the little town may be followed the sidewalk for a mile or so, and then a wide road deeply covered with sawdust is reached, passing through more luxuriant woods and cedar groves, and at the end the largest lumbering concern in Victoria or neighbouring counties is reached. The good folks have dubbed it 'Little Bob,' just as they call the larger town 'Caygeon. The mills are the property of Boyd Brothers, who live in handsome residences near the locks.

But I must not inflict any more country talk upon you, only I thought you ought to have a reason for the omission of my letter last week, and moreover would feel interested in knowing that there are lovely lakes, and a beautiful country 'beyond the railway.'

S. A. CURZON.

Leal and True.

I asked her did she love me true?

Was my name whispered by the wind
That nightly shed its silver dew

On leaf and blade? Reigned I enshrined
Within the temple of her heart?

Would all the coming years still find
Two souls unrent apart?

And as the pale moon shrank from sight,

She vowed she'd love me to the end—
Remain as true as yon star bright,

And Venus' son our hearts attend
E'en to the grave's green side;—and she,

To prove her love hath wed my friend
And named her boy for me!

KIMBALL CHASE TAPLEY.



THE LATE J. BEAUFORT HURLBERT, LL.D.

Dr. Jesse Beaufort Hurlbert, whose sudden death on the 12th of May last occasioned deep sorrow to his personal friends and sincere regret to those who had known him by his writings, was born in Prescott, Ont., in the eventful year, 1812. He was of the good old stock of the United Empire Loyalists, and was all his life consistently true to the convictions which led his forefathers to sacrifice means and prospects on the altar of loyalty. Nor did he manifest his fidelity to inherited traditions by profession only. For years he devoted time and talents and acquired knowledge to the promotion of what he believed to be Canada's best interests, and was ever an earnest and able advocate of British connection. He began his career as educator and man of science and letters with an unusually thorough equipment. His love of learning, even in boyhood, was remarkable, and he sought the finest opportunities for gratifying it. Having pursued a course of study in Yale, where he evinced that rare faculty for the acquisition of languages which he afterwards turned to such good account, he continued his education in New York. There he was initiated into the oriental languages under the guidance of the illustrious Hebraist, Dr. Nordheimer, who was also the master in Eastern lore of the late Rev. Canon Bancroft, D.D. After graduating, he returned to Canada and took charge of the Academy at Cobourg, the germ of Victoria University, in which, on its organization, he was entrusted with the classical and Hebrew classes. Though only thirty-one years old when he undertook this responsible position, he discharged its duties with general satisfaction. Some years later, the young professor was admitted to the Bar of Upper Canada, and in 1862 he served as one of Canada's commissioners to the second great London Exhibition. This may be considered the starting point of his career as a writer on economical questions. He was a valued contributor to the Canadian press on a series of allied topics, of which he had, by conscientious research, made himself master, and his papers in *Silliman's Journal* and other scientific periodicals always attracted attention. He was one of the first in Canada to indicate the need of protection for our forests—his monograph on "The Forests of Canada" having made its appearance in 1862. He won a still higher reputation by his work on "Britain and her Colonies," some of the suggestions in which obtained the approval of English statesmen then in office. One of the most permanently valuable of his books is his "Physical Geography of Canada," in which the country's varied resources and their location are shown by coloured maps. "The Food Zones of Canada" brings out the fact that the Dominion comprises within its limits the greatest range of cereal production on this continent. "Field and Factory" is an application of the data thus collected to practical purposes. The style of these books and brochures is concise and clear and the information always trustworthy. To many persons Dr. Hurlbert's name is most familiar from his association with the controversy on the Jesuits' Estate bill. To the doctrines of the Order, which Mr. Mercier's measure had brought so prominently before the public, Dr. Hurlbert was conscientiously antagonistic. He believed that the Jesuit system was the foe of civil and religious liberty, and that to encourage it even indirectly was a political blunder, fraught with possible consequences of the gravest moment to the whole community, Catholic as well as Protestant. Only the deeply founded and unshakable nature of his convictions on this point could have induced Dr. Hurlbert to emerge from the seclusion of the student into the glaring light of the platform champion. But he deemed his own honour and, what was more, the honour and safety of the country at stake, and concluded,

therefore, that it was no time for hesitations which might have been misconstrued. He proved at any rate that he had the courage of his opinions, and if the public controversy in which he had undertaken to defend the anti-Jesuit position did not take place, the blame did not lie at his door. The pamphlets in which Dr. Hurlbert set forth the main tenor of his argument were written with ability and a great deal more moderation than polemical writing always displays. In private life Dr. Hurlbert was companionable, genial and unaffected, his conversation being at once entertaining and instructive. He leaves a widow and a daughter (Mrs. W. W. Mussen, of this city) to lament his loss. In Ottawa, where he had lived for some twenty years, he was universally regretted. The executive of the Equal Rights Association, of which he had been a member, gave expression to the prevailing feeling by passing a resolution of sorrow for one who had done so much for the cause—that of civil and religious liberty—which it represented. The remains of the deceased scholar and writer were interred in Mount Royal Cemetery.

THE CANADIAN EXHIBITION AT DONCASTER.

The Royal Agricultural Fair held annually at Doncaster,



THE LATE J. BEAUFORT HURLBERT, LL.D.

Yorkshire, is one of the most important events of the sort held in Great Britain, and for a number of years an annual exhibit has been made by the Canadian Government of specimens of Canada's agricultural products. At the fair of '91, held last month, the Canadian exhibit was a large and interesting one, and by the courtesy of Mr. Dyke, one of our official agents in England, we present our readers with an engraving of the stand and of the visits to the same of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. The most notable feature of the exhibition are some two hundred varieties of grain, both in the straw and in bottles, taken from various sections extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and showing the wonderful fertility of the soil and remarkably favourable climatic conditions under which the agriculturist in Canada labors; there is also a fine collection of photographs of the principal Canadian cities and some of the most interesting forest and field scenes in Manitoba and British Columbia. Other features of the exhibit are: Specimens of timber of all sorts, minerals, (including Rocky Mountain coal), heads of deer and buffalo and stuffed fish, comprising salmon, trout, and large white fish. We sincerely trust that the exhibit will be the means

of inducing intending emigrants to give Canada a trial; many of our best settlers have come from Yorkshire, and the tenant farmers of that county are just the men wanted for the better-class farms of Ontario and Manitoba. Pamphlets and circulars of various sorts, setting forth the advantages of Canada, were distributed freely, and the whole display speaks well for our representatives in Great Britain. The show was visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales, who made a special visit to the Canadian stand and spent some time in discussing Canadian matters. Altogether, Mr. Dyke and the Canadian Government are to be congratulated on the entire success and excellent material results of the exhibit.

THE STUDLEY QUOIT CLUB, HALIFAX, N.S.

Quoits can hardly be called a popular game in Canada at large, but in Halifax it is one of the favourite summer pastimes. The game is played in several private "rinks," and on the grounds of the Wanderers, the Yacht Squadron and a couple of quoit clubs. At intervals, within the last few years, "rinks" were started and weekly quoit parties given by the officers of the flag-ship at the Dock Yard and by the officers of the Army Service Corps at the Ordnance Wharf. Most of this enthusiasm for the game is traceable to the prestige and success of the Studley Quoit Club. It was founded in 1856 from a nucleus of quoiters, who had played together for a few years previously, without any local habitation or name. It is named from Studley, the suburban seat, now of Miss Nordbeck, formerly of Mr. W. M. Richardson, who have successively allowed the club to pitch its tent and prepare its rinks in a picturesque spot upon their grounds. There, from its opening to the present date, the club has played on every fine Saturday and holiday, from the Queen's birthday to the middle or end of November. Whatever the attractions may be elsewhere—and there are many attractions in Halifax on summer Saturday afternoons—you can rely upon a gathering at Studley. And where there is a gathering of the S. Q. C. you are safe to find good play, good fellowship, and a famous brew of rum punch.

There are non-playing as well as playing members. Strangers may be invited to any meeting, and residents of the city three times a year. Some of the most enthusiastic members have belonged to the Imperial service. Admiral Sir J. E. Commerell presented the members of the club with a handsome cup, not for competition, but to be kept on the refreshment table, "in remembrance of the many happy afternoons spent in their company." Major Cummings, of the Royal West Kent Regiment, after he left the station, sent the club twenty pounds for a challenge cup. Colonel Booth, A.S.C., who became so enamoured of the game that (like Col. Noyes, B.A.) he started a rink of his own, presented the club with a pipe-box fully stocked with pipes. During his visit to Halifax in 1873, Lord Dufferin was a guest of the club, and enjoyed himself so much that the next year he presented it with a medal for annual competition.

The first president of the club was Mr. Samuel DeBlois, while Mr. John T. Wylde has been annually elected to the presidency for the last fifteen years. Mr. Wylde owes this honour to his geniality to members and his courteous attention to their guests quite as much as to his superior play. He won the Dufferin medal seven times and the Cummings' Cup more than once, but at the last competitions he has felt the handicap of years.

Some people fear that the glory is departing from Studley. The play has not deteriorated, but certainly some of the pleasantest gossip that sat upon the benches, some of the brightest conversationalists that lounged beneath the trees, have joined the majority. And the wide-spread facility for playing quoits, created by the successful example of Studley, render a special quoit club superfluous. But Studley has social characteristics of its own; it has its preservative memories and enthusiastic champions, and may hold its own against all rivals for many years to come.

Our illustration is from a photograph taken, it is believed, by Lieut.-Col. Cutbill, of the Royal Irish Rifles. But the gentleman to whom we are indebted for this sketch happens to own several groups of the club taken by different amateurs, and feels slightly "mixed" as to their authorship.

FORT HENRY, KINGSTON.

This splendid fortification, erected at so much expense, is fallen from its high estate; from being the home of a garrison of 1,000 to 3,000 men, and permeated with all the accessories and air of things warlike, it has come to be tenanted by a corporal's guard, and the barrack-square has been made into a tennis-court. *Sic transit gloria militaria Canadæ.*

MICHAELMAS DAISIES.

We reproduce, from the *Illustrated London News*, an engraving of a very charming painting recently made by Mr. F. D. Millet. The fair young woman in the painting has a large bunch of the flowers before her, and is embroidering the effect into one of the quaint old fashioned silk samplers so common many years ago.

ON THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

If any of our readers are unable to tear themselves away from the hot and dusty streets, and lazily loiter by the seashore, they can, perhaps, find a grain of pleasure in observing from the engravings of Tadousac and Cacouna how enticingly cool and refreshing those places look. Few of our Canadian summer resorts are more popular. The temperature is delightfully low, and the air invigorating to a marked degree—much more so than the more southerly seaside resorts along the New England coast. The bathing is excellent, and very nice people are there in large numbers. Taking all in all, few seaside watering places are more attractive than the quaint villages of Tadousac and the Cacouna.

OLD CAPITULATION HOUSE.

The scene of the signing of the articles of capitulation between Lord Amherst and the Marquis de Vaudreuil in the month of September, 1860, is assigned by rumor to an old house situated on the Côte des Neiges road, near Montreal. The building was almost entirely destroyed by fire about 18 years ago; our engraving shows its ruins as they now exist.

Francis Blake Crofton.

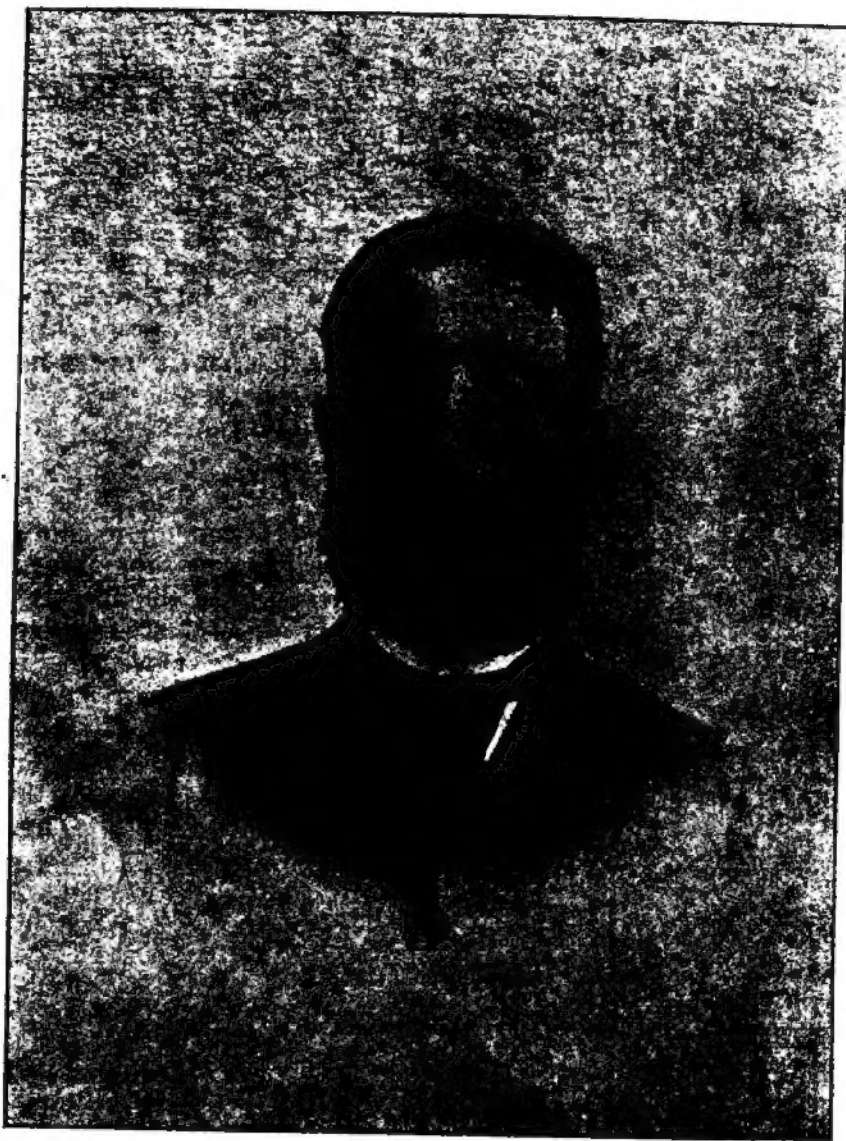
We have pleasure in presenting in this number a portrait of Mr. Francis Blake Crofton, of Halifax, N.S., who, although not a native of this country, may be fairly claimed as a Canadian *litterateur*. He is a son of the Rev. William Crofton, rector of Skreene, Sligo, Ireland, and is about forty-nine years of age. He has two surviving brothers; one, Morgan W. Crofton, F.R.S., was formerly Professor of Mathematics and Mechanics in the Royal Military College, Woolwich, and is now Fellow and Professor of the Royal University of Ireland; he is the author of two scientific text books for cadets, published by Her Majesty's Government. Another brother is the Rev. H. W. Crofton, rector of Worton, Bath, England. The subject of our sketch was educated at the Royal School, Dungannon, and Trinity College,

Dublin, where he obtained honours in the English language and literature and in classics. He came to Canada soon after and held several educational positions, occupying the chair of classics for a year in the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, during the absence abroad of the Principal and Professor of Classics. He soon after went to the United States, and remained ten years in the City of New York, where he wrote for the press, prepared pupils for the university, held a clerkship under Commissioners of Emigration, and at intervals was editorially connected with a couple of papers. He contributed a number of articles to each of the following periodicals (among others):—*The Round Table*, *St. Nicholas*, and *National Quarterly Review*, in New York; *Imperial Federation* and *The Union Jack*, in England; and the *Canadian Monthly*, in Canada; at a later period contributing to *The Week* and *THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*. These various papers have been chiefly literary, social and critical articles, fantastic and short stories, and some poems (serious and comic), not to mention non-descript columns written for several journals under various *noms de plume*. Of late years many of these articles have been specially devoted to an advocacy of Imperial Federation.

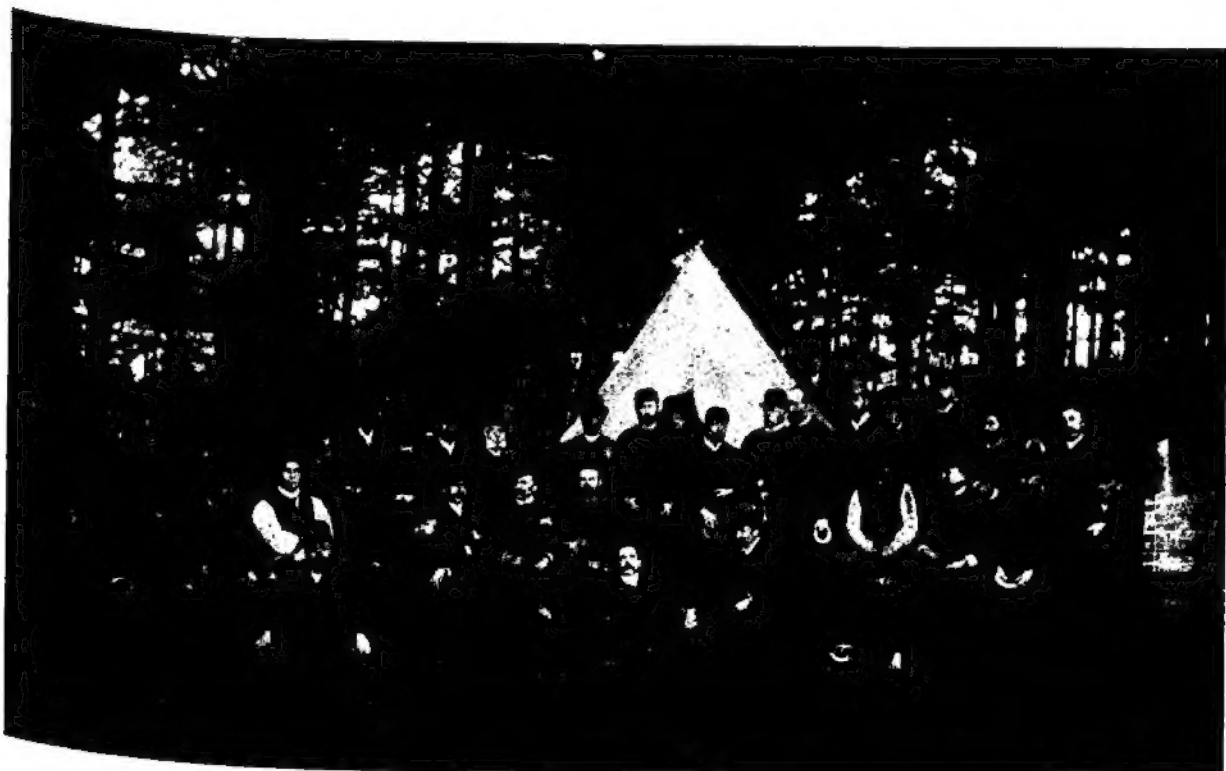
Mr. Crofton has, however, done more substantial work than that above mentioned. He is the author of "The Bewildered Querists," published in New York in 1875; "The Major's Big Talk Stories," London, 1881; "Hairbreadth Escapes of Major Mendax," Halifax and Philadelphia, 1889. These are all written in a style uncommon at the present day, being largely after the manner of "Baron Munchausen"; they are a succession of travellers' yarns of the most extraordinary and fantastic character, written in a remarkably amusing and interesting way; many of them appeared originally in *St. Nicholas*, and created an uncommon amount of interest as they came out. Mr. Crofton also published, a couple of years ago, a critical essay on "Haliburton, the Man and the Writer," which is a valuable addition to Nova Scotian literature. For several years back he has been Provincial Librarian of Nova Scotia, and is also Secretary to the Nova Scotia Historical Society. In 1872 he married a daughter of Mr. W. F. Bradshaw, of Quebec. Mr. Crofton is a capital whist player and prominent in Halifax social and sporting circles.

Summer Tours on the C.P.R. Fishing and Shooting on the C.P.R.

Summer travel. This is what everyone is thinking about just now, when the thermometer runs up in the nineties, and the pavements and buildings throw back the glare of Old Sol and concentrate it on the unfortunate passer-by. The very word "travel" at once suggests to the perspiring citizen the cool air of lake, river or sea; and as the time draws nigh for his holidays to commence, he feverishly consults all available literature to learn where he can spend the time with most pleasure and benefit. To such an one, the titles which appear at the head of this sketch should be doubly welcome; and by calling without delay at the nearest Canadian Pacific Railway station he can procure the books gratis, and learn of a marvellous variety of excursions, covering every point of the Dominion and the popular seaside resorts. A well written sketch of the country accompanies both works, and tasty illustrations add interest to this. The cost and route of the various tours are given to start from each prominent town or city from Quebec to Port Arthur, while lists are also given of side-trips from place of original destination to smaller towns in the vicinity. The book on "Fishing and Shooting" gives an excellent account of all the localities where good sport may be had, with full details of expenses, etc., and is appropriately illustrated. Both guides are issued by the Passenger Department of the C.P.R.



F. BLAKE CROFTON, ESQ.



THE STUDLEY QUOIT CLUB.



A Picturesque Costume—The Newest French Coiffures—The Most Fashionable Sofa Blankets—Home-made Ginger-Beer—A Cold Luncheon at Small Cost.



PICTURESQUE costume may be seen in our first illustration, and in copying the styles of past centuries, which you will here see has been done in the sack back to the dress, and the rouleaux round the waist, it must be remembered that such things can only be done with the very greatest taste and consummate judgment. I have seen gowns arranged by people who pose as authorities in these matters, than which nothing could be more dreadful, an *olla podrida* of styles that did not in the



least combine with each other; for instance—a sack back to the dress with puffed sleeves in Henry VIII. fashion, and a bodice draped with a belt or girdle to fasten it. Now I think you will find that in this one there is nothing absurd nor incongruous. The bodice and skirt are of pale blue *crêpe de chine* brocaded with a small satin spot or *petit pois* as it is called in Paris. The skirt is plain and slightly trained, and trimmed round with a flounce of the same, edged with a narrow gold galon. The bodice as you see is draped across, the ends ap-

pearing like basques from underneath the corselet which is entirely composed of gold galon. These basques are each bordered and edged with this dainty trimming, and to finish off the lower edge of the corselet there is a rouleaux of blue wound round the galon. Bretelles pass over the shoulders, of this same gold ribbon and meet the back of the corselet to which the broad full pleat of the brocade is attached. The material of this brocade is a magnificent silk of palest yellow, shot with the light blue of the underdress, and figured with the prevailing design of true lover's knots in gold thread. Such a rich fabric needs no trimming, therefore it is left perfectly plain, its own thick handsome folds being quite sufficiently decorative.

The newest French coiffures that I have seen are very becoming to almost any shape of head, though of course they are supposed to be more or less taken from the ancient Greek statues. I give you two useful styles that may be easily done. The first is for wearing in the day time. To arrange this, the hair must first be waved regularly all over the head, the front being curled in the usual manner. Then tie the hair all together and divide it into twists and rolls which pin firmly to the head, leaving one to roll round the back.



Arrange the front curls to lie back upon the rolls so as to show no division. The second head shows the very newest method of dressing the hair for the evening. In this case it is again waved in natural looking undulations all over the head. Tie it up on the crown, and lay it in rolls one above another, the ends being curled, and laid over the embroidered gauze ribbon tied round the chignon, the bows appearing between these curls. It will be noticed that in tying all the hair to the summit of the head, the back is allowed a certain looseness, so as not to give that scraped-up appearance to the *mique* or nape of the neck, which is so greatly thought of by French connoisseurs of beauty. The front is curled carefully and arranged well back on the head to meet the ribbon.

The most fashionable sofa blankets are those made of brocaded damask, in any pale shade of colour to suit the tints of the furniture and paper of the room. They are bordered with plush, of a deeper tint, from six to eight inches wide. This, I beg to state, is an answer to a correspondent, "Cecilia," who wishes to hear of the newest of these novelties in room draperies. For the benefit of those of my readers who have not yet made the acquaintance of these little elegancies, I may state that they are also made in brocaded silk, worked with sprays of embroidered flowers, as it were, thrown across or sprinkled over the whole surface; or, if preferred, a monogram in gold thread or silks, according to taste. Less expensive

ones can be made with equal effect in surah, cashmeres, or cloth similarly bordered, or even with velveteen of a darker shade to throw up the tint of the centre. Their length varies, according to that of the sofa, from one-and-a-half to two yards long—their width being about a yard and a half. Another way of bordering them is to work an edging of oriental, or Royal School of Art embroidery stitches in coloured silk, velvet *appliqué* edged with pretty stitches in gold thread, or fancy braids of varied silks. In this case it will be understood that the centre must not be left entirely undecorated. If with flowers (which might be worked with coarse wools in crewel stitch), they must be done large, or they look poor and insignificant. The plainer the edges are, the more fashionable; fringes or trills not being considered correct for this style of drapery. The linings deserve much attention, and the method of their disposal. In most cases they are composed of pongee silk, when the outer material is of brocade, velvet, rich cloths, or brocaded damasks, and it is well, as this is a thin stuff, to give firmness and substance by the addition of a layer of dimette or flannelette between the outside fabric and the silk lining. These like many other room draperies are now looked on almost as much necessary adjuncts to the sofa as the cushions themselves. They may also serve the purpose of covering up an otherwise unsightly piece of furniture, as well as acting as a decorative and light covering to lay over the feet of an invalid.

Home-made ginger beer is a most welcome beverage now that hay-making time is at hand. When our boys and girls come in thirsty and hot from the hay-field, or later on from the corn harvest, they rush at anything to drink, and 'just anything' is not always the wisest 'thing.' I can confidently recommend the following recipe for ginger beer which is far more really wholesome than the aerated rubbish made with acids by the soda water manufacturers. Take one large lemon, both rind and juice, three-quarters of a pound of lump sugar, one-and-a-half ounces of ginger. Pound the sugar and ginger fine, pour on them a gallon of boiling water—cover it closely—when cold add a tablespoonful of barm stirred well into it. Let it stand twelve hours, then bottle in brown stone bottles, and tie it down, and in twenty-four hours it is in high order for drinking.

A cold luncheon at small cost.—Forequarter of lamb decorated with parsley at the head of the table; at the other end a couple of boiled fowls covered with white sauce very smoothly, and a cold boiled tongue between them, the dish nicely decorated with quarter slices of lemon. Have a cold boiled salmon neatly divided in pieces, and surrounded with ready-made salad, handed round first before anything else. You cannot have less than four sweet dishes, which should be arranged two on each side of the table. These should be cold gooseberry tart, and a dish of custard or whipped cream, lemon jelly and sweet sandwiches—these are made of sponge cake with jam between. Have a tall glass of flowers in the very centre of the table, and on one side of it down the length of the table a dish of strawberries, and on the other a cake. You must certainly have dinner napkins, with a little roll placed in or on each. There is no change in having dinner knives so far. Fish knives and forks for the salmon or single large silver forks if you have not the others. Large knives and forks for the meat and dessert spoons and small forks for the tart, etc. The dessert plates should be laid with a spoon in addition to the dessert knife and fork. The strawberries should have cream and white powdered sugar, and slices of cake handed round to eat with them. The wine should be sherry or claret if you do not have champagne as well, or champagne cup, which is easily made by adding soda water to it, and putting in a sprig of burrage. Or claret cup is very nice made in the same way. The potatoes and green peas of course are served hot. I think if you follow these directions that it will be a very nice plain luncheon, and I hope a success.